Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams,

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled. And her eyes are getting dim, So she can not read her Bible, Nor follow through the hymn.

And her step is growing slower, Her voice is sometimes faint, But it never will get weak enough To make a sad complaint.

Her hands are sometimes idle, For knitting tires them so, But her brain is always busy With thoughts of Heaven, I know.

She is thinking of her dear ones
A little way ahead—
Just at the end of the journey
Her weary feet must tread.

I think, sometimes, as I watch her, She sees them; for a smile Breaks over her face, and she whispers "Yes, dear, in a little while."

Her face will lose its wrinkles, And the dimness leave her eyes, And grandmother will be young again In the land beyond the skies.

It always thrills me strangely When I think of her, standing there, At the gates of Heaven, knocking, When her feet have climbed the stair— And the key is turned in the portal, The gates swung open wide, And she passes into Heaven And the peace on the other side,

To meet her husband's kisses, And to hear him softly say, I have waited a long time, darling, For this happy, happy day!"

Yes, grandmother will be young again.
Though her heart was never old,
When she goes to dwell in the City
Whose streets are paved with gold.

Iron and Gold:

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-CENT," "HOODWINEED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE RED SCORPION," ETC,

CHAPTER IV. NIGHT-OWL PROWLERS.

"What is't to love, if love has no return?
"Tis better to have all than half of none!
And if responsive fires refuse to burn,
Then best to bid the passion'd dream begone!"
Änon.

Nor very far from the Public Landing, at foot of Jefferson avenue, St. Louis, we single out a dwelling—or uncouth building that barely deserves the name-a house that had long remained shut, and was apparently tenantless.

The houses on either side of it were empty, because rumor told of strange sounds that were sometimes heard issuing from the ghostly edifice.

Entering an alleyway—narrow, damp, and black till one could scarce see his hand before his face-those who were "posted discovered a door in the side of the estab-lishment, far in the rear. This door opened into a kind of entry that was narrower

and darker than the alley without.

Then there was another door, through the keyhole of which shot a slim ray of light to guide the comer, as he groped wari-

At last the nature of the place is ascertained, by passing this second door—to find oneself in a large, square, closely-cased room, rather brilliantly lighted by a number of lamps that were fixed in brackets around the walls, and whose reflectors were polished to the smoothness of glass.

Within this room were assembled, at least, a dozen men. Some wore blue check or red flannel shirts and heavy boots; others were better dressed; though, in all a motley gathering of "'long-shore roughs" and coarse-visaged boatmen.

At one side was an apology for a bar, presided over by a burly fellow whose eyes were keen as daggers, whose countenance was fierce as it was ugly, and whose muscular frame was gigantic.

The men were seated at boxes, and on boxes, engaged with dice, dominoes, cards and checkers; and small piles of money were being constantly swept in by a lucky winner.

Liquor flowed freely. It was evident from the rolling eyes, red noses, and thick whispers-that many were already feeling the warmth of the whisky kept here; ye there was not a loud word, not one sound of noisy tongues, for all knew the value of a guarded speech while gambling in the mysterious and unlicensed den.

Daniel Cassar-or "Big Dan," as he was called-the proprietor of the rendezyous, was leaning with his elbows on the counter, and his bristling face resting in his hard, brown hands, surveying this sociable company.

Presently a hand ascended-so many fingers were displayed; and Dan proceeded to hurry forward the liquor called forwhisky, only whisky, always whisky, for it

was the sole staple-stimulus As he set the waiter and cups on the box beside the party who had ordered the treat,

two men entered at the door. Dan's eyes brightened, and, while he

nodded to them, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, significantly.
"How's this?" said one, questioningly.

"Where's Jake? The door's open to the police, as well as anybody else."

"Jake's sick," replied the giant. "There ain't nobody to stand guard, 'cause I have to be in here. No danger, I guess. Go in there "—with another motion of the thumb -" Ruby's been a-waitin' for you."



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Ruby sprung to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the sleepers in the rooms beyond.

The two men immediately advanced to a portion of the casing behind the counter, and disappeared through a door that work-ed upon concealed hinges, and which gave

ingress to a secret apartment beyond. Hardly had these parties gone out of sight, when Big Dan started to a listening attitude, and raised one hand to invoke

strictest silence. He had detected a stealthy footstep in the passage, and knew it could not be one of the initiated and regular customers of

"Hist, boys!—jump, there! Police!" he exclaimed, in a hissing whisper—and, instantly, a man sprung toward each lamp, while he turned the key silently in its welloiled lock.

Quick as thought, the lights were extinguished. In concert with this move-ment, Dan grabbed up the glasses that were setting round, placed them on the counter, and then knelt down to press a spring in the floor.

A hand tried the door-knob, and a low voice on the outside said: "There's somebody in here. But the

"Kick 'er in!" suggested a second voice.
As Dan pressed the spring, the bar, with all it contained-for dice, cards and all

were deposited upon it by prompt hands-glided swiftly and noiselessly downward. With the agility of monkeys, the men crept to the hole thus made, and Dan, uttering a snake-like hiss to guide them

leaped down to the counter, and thence to the earthen floor of the cellar. There was a shuffling of feet, much jostling—but not one word; and when all were down, the trap closed over them,

with a sharp click. And none too soon. The door was kicked open with a spiteful quiver, and a lantern flashed in, discovering three police men, who carried cocked revolvers half

raised But they saw only an empty room, containing a few innocent-looking and unsuggestive boxes.

I'll swear I saw two men come in here not five minutes ago!" exclaimed one, while amazement was depicted plainly in his fea-

"And I'll swear I saw a light coming through this keyhole!" supplemented an-Say," suggested the third of the trio,

crowding closer to his companions, "look-a-here—I heard a noise in this room—I'm sure of it "So did I." And I.

"I believe it's a haunted house, after all," continued the timid individual, tremblingly The three exchanged glances. The words were not without effect.

Each experienced a peculiar sensationhalf-start, half-chill.

"But" said the first, whisneringly, "T've been watching this old ranch for forty-eight I tell you I've counted fourteen men and a woman come in here since sun-

All ghosts," ventured No. 3, with a wise Again each glanced into his companion's

And, as if to augment the superstitious And, as it to augment the superstations feeling that was fast seizing them, there sounded a lond, long, unearthly laugh, coming from the story above.

"H-a-a-a-a! ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!" rung the wild, weird, startling scream, piercing the wild, the sharpness like a rayourd

their ears, with its sharpness, like a razored It came with such suddenness the effect

was so electrical, that the lantern slipped to the floor, and put itself out as it crashed and jingled on the boards. Lord deliver us!"

"Look !—look there!" blurted he who had first mentioned the presence of spirits. Directly opposite to where they stood was a gigantic skeleton, whose bones and skull seemed to be ablaze and smoking. Bang! bang! bang! went the three re-

volvers, in rapid succession.

And, as the bullets sunk harmlessly into the casing, there was another laugh, issuing from beneath their feet-this time, deep guttural, mocking, accompanied by a series of faint tapping sounds that drew near along the floor, like the heel-thuds of an invisible something approaching.

Frightened, preyed upon by a supersti-tious dread, they turned and fled, bumping, excitedly, against one another, as they dashed from the house. Half an hour subsequent to the visit of

the police, a figure emerged from the alley -this one followed by two more; and one of the last that came was a female, who wore a hooded cape and close-fitting garments of black.

She crossed to the opposite side of the street, and moved rapidly away; the two men followed after.

It was a long walk she led them; one two, three miles—and, at last, she paused before a narrow gateway in the wall that inclosed the garden at the rear of Cyrus Winfield's residence. They meant to enter here, for one of the

men advanced to the bars, and began to tamper with the lock. Perry?" spoke the female, inquiringly. "Well, Queen Ruby?" returned the man

at the lock Make haste, or we may be discovered." "It is fastened tight—curse the hand that turned the key!" and he gave the bars a wrench as he growled the words. But main force would not accomplish their ends. It was not until they had tried

a bunch of keys-which the second man had brought—that they effected an opening. No one was in sight. The hour was growing late, and the vicinity was deserted.

They stepped quickly inside, being care ful to close the gate after them, and skulked behind a luxuriant evergreen that grew near. "Wait here till I return," ordered she called Queen Ruby. She left them in the shadows of the bush,

and made her way cautiously toward the veranda, when a bright light streamed out upon the grass, and the outlines of two forms fell across the sward.

With the step of a cat, she gained a position behind a screen of foliage in the small conservatory, and looked in upon Cyrus Winfield and his son. She was in time to hear much of the dia-

logue between the two; and the rays from the chandelier, as they shone on her large, dark, lustrous orbs, showed those eyes gleaming with a peculiar sparkle, when she heard the old gentleman say that his every cent was deposited in the large desk in the office-library.

"It will soon be mine!" she muttered, sotto voce. "Soon you will have none at all, Cyrus Winfield; and then let us see if your on will not court the smiles and favors of Ilde Wyn! O-h! how I am loving you, Hugh Winfield! And you shall love me, if there is virtue in woman's charms, and if you are not stronger than other men. Ay. you may despise me-both; you may speak sneeringly of her who dares not mingle where you mingle; but, I do not hear it-I am deaf-for I am loving you, Hugh, as woman only can love! You shall be mine—and it will be strange if I can not teach you to forget your prejudices !- 'sh! he is

She saw Hugh leave the parlor. She waited and watched, in her concealment, till patience threatened to desert her. After awhile Cyrus Winfield went from the parlor, and she heard his step ascending

the stairs. When the servant came to shut and fasten the veranda door, those two starry eyes intently noted his every movement; and when he put out the lights, and sought his bed, it was with the feeling that his nightly duty had been well done, and that the slumbering household was secur

Perhaps an hour passed. Then a set of nimble fingers undid the fastenings; the woman's form slipped out, and toward the spot where her companions waited.

"Perry?"
"Here!" hissed a voice in the bush.

'Tis time. Come on-come, Neol. The three glided forward through the

gloom.
"Perry—there is a rich prize for you in the library. "How do you know it?" asked the guarded voice.

"He told me so a half-hour since; though he had no idea of an eavesdropper. 'Told you where his money was-is?"

"Satan favors thieves!" commented the man. "Lead on, Queen Ruby—to the library. Step with care, Neol."

'Ay," responded Neol. They entered the veranda

Perry paused here, to light a dark lantern; and when he had thrust this underneath his coat, they continued out to the broad hall, turning toward the staircase, with Queen Ruby leading the way.

CHAPTER V "COUNT ON ME!" Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow, Oh, bright-eyed Hope I my morbid fancy chee Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow Ar the moment the three spectral figures

came out of the den, and started off up the street, a man was standing on the other side, directly opposite the alley. When they were out of sight, this party glanced searchingly around him, as if to

make sure that he was not spied upon, and then crossed over. He entered the alley. As he neared the door, in the side of the house, a man came

out-paused for a moment on the rickety stoop-then hurried away. The new-comer drew back into the deep gloom of the place, and waited.
"There are more to come," he thought.

And he was right. The business of the den was broken up for that night, and Dan Cassar was dismissing his guests One by one they came out, with a few

minutes of space between each—until all had departed. watcher waited a long time, after the last skulker had disappeared, and, as no. more came, he presently advanced to the

It is bolted,"-trying the knob, and finding it fast; and he gave two low, signaling raps on the panel.

The knock was recognized. Dan replied. by opening.
"Halt, there! Who, is it?" came guard-

edly from the interior. I-Mandor.

" Come in, then.' The comer stepped inside the dark passage, striking a match as he went, and pro-

ceeding like one who knows his ground

When Dan had rebolted the door, he followed on the heels of his visitor, who paused in the side room, and said: 'How's this, Dan ?-you've cleaned out.

"Yes, The police was here awhile gone-

"They purty near caught us, too. Jake's sick, an' so we hadn't no guard. The

phosph'rus skeleton skeered 'em off; and Ruby clumb up in the wall an' let out that wild laugh o' her'n. But, go into the room,

The sliding panel in the wall-casingthrough which, in our last chapter, we saw the two men vanish—led to a secret apartment; and to this Dan and his visitor continued on.

The room was small, and admirably concealed. There were no windows; but a large flue, at one side, afforded sufficient ventilation. Up this flue was a ladder leading to the back of a fireplace in one of the second-story rooms; and from the fire-place, Queen Ruby had vented the strange, unearthly laugh that forced the confusion and retreat of the three policemen. There was comfort displayed in the fur-

niture; and in a corner was a rich couch, on which the giant was wont to stretch his huge limbs in nightly slumber. Dan motioned the other to a chair, and

drew up one for himself. "Yes, it was a purty clus shave, Mandor, An' now, the next thing 'll be a invest' gation. I must clean out to-morrow night."

"I would do so, if I were you, and quit this kind of business. A man who has ac-cumulated as much money as you have,

ought to buy himself a genteel house, and live right. Are you not tired of it?"
"Well, yes, kinder," replied the bulky fellow, half turning his head, and screwing up his thick-lipped mouth, while he gazed down at the carpet. "But, you know, there's a old sayin': 'once a thief, always a thief.' An' I'm afeerd Dan Cassar won't ever 'fit'

in a good position."
"Take my advice, and try it. But, now

Dan's visitor was a man somewhat over forty years, rather thin in feature and limb, and very pale--but broad across the shoul-ders, and with eyes that would seem to read the inmost thoughts of another, when conversing. There was a constant expression of sadness in his face, and the lips had not

smiled for years.

With his last speech, he looked very grave; and gazed steadfastly into the coun-

tenance of his companion.

"Business?" repeated Dan, inquiringly.

"Well, now, you don't mean to tell me'at you've diskivered anything, have you?"
That is precisely it."

"I told you, fifteen years ago, that Calvert Mandor would find out certain things; and, at last, after a long, wearisome search, I believe I am on the scent." Go-on," pressed the giant, interest-

edly.
"A strange fate has kept me from meetsince that night that you picked me up, a bleeding lump of flesh, by the roadside," and an emotional feeling swayed the speaker, just here, for he added, tremulously: "I shall never, never forget what you did for me, Dan—how you so kindly nursed me through four whole years of declarer."

There-there," interrupted Dan, raising "There—there, interrupted Dan, raising and waiving his great brown hand, "jest let up, if you please. I foun' you purty nigh done for, an' if I'd been a worse feller 'n I am, I couldn't 'a' let you lay there an' die. So, never mind that 'ere portion—jest

go on."
"Well, resumed Mandor, after a brief pause, "as I said, I've not seen Wilbur Kearn for nineteen years. I knew—as you did—that he had married my wife; but she had every reason to believe me dead, and so I don't blame her—no, I don't blame her.
To-day, though, I saw Kearn. I knew him, despite the time that has elapsed since we

O-h-o! An' did you buckle onto 'im

Wait. Some nameless influence prompted me to follow him, without speaking and he led me to the office of Dr. Onnor

"The man 'at you hate, and who's hated you ever sence you was both little babies.' "An' what else? Go on."

"I dogged him into the house. When he entered the office, I listened outside the

Hear any thing ?" "Enough to convince me that Theophilus Onnorrann possesses secrets which I must "Ah-hum!" Dan was deeply interested,

and nodded his large head wisely.

"I heard Wilbur Kearn ask where his child was. Perhaps he can tell me where

"P'r'aps 'e can," acquiesced Dan "He holds some great secret, that I know.
Grasping at straws as I am, I will not let
any hope escape me. Day after to-morrow
I shall see him. It will be to him like the
rising of the dead—"

"Kinder!" put in the giant, with empha-"Feeling as I do, that I can gain some information from him—for there is a strange, prophetic spurring in my breast—I will

wring something from his lips." Yes—wring it outer 'im.' "If I fail here, I will see Kearn afterward. I know where he lives, for I tracked him to his home."

"But I do not think I shall fail. If Onnorrann will not speak straight, I will even go so far as threats, and try what the power of fear can do. He has felt what my nature is, in my younger days, and knows that I will not trifle. Will you aid me in the latter case, Dan ?"

Aid you?" He looked into Mandor's pale face for a second, and then answered, while he quietly bared and held aloft his brawny, muscular arm, and doubled his sledge-hammer fist. "Do you see that 'ere arm an' that 'ere fist?—'at has licked more men in a year 'an you could reckon? Jest count on that, Col. Mandor, whenever you

'Thank you, Dan, thank you. That's why I came here—to ask if I could rely on you. For," he added, sadly, "I am all shattered and weak, now—not strong and defant as I once was. I have never recovered from that terrible fall, and," his voice withing to a hughiness "the next that eight sinking to a huskiness, "the news that aided in robbing me of reason."

"No," said Big Dan, shaking his head slowly. "You were always weak and pale like, ever sence that 'ere time—"

"But, stop. It makes me wretched to dwell upon the past—even while it affords me a relief to speak of it. Let us say no more of it. You will stand by me, you say?" You can jest consider me engaged,"

Then, I'll see you in the afternoon, to-morrow. Will you meet me at the corner of Biddle and — streets."

"I'll be there. "And I'll let you know what has happen-

ed. Now I'll go Dan went with him to the door. "Be careful like, now; them police is

"Yes. Good-night."

As Cassar returned to the secret chamber, and drew off his boots, preparatory to retiring, he was muttering to himself: "He's a real square chap, Mandor is, an' I won't be found wantin' when he says I can help 'im. Stut! stut! I wish he could find that little gal of hie's?" that little gal of his'n."

CHAPTER VI. THE ROBBERY. Withering—withering—all are withering— All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nurs'd— Flowers of love too early blossoming; Buds of Ambition too frail to burst,"

-HOFFMAN. HUGH Winfield, from his position at the ibrary window, watched the dimly discernible forms that were approaching the house in a way which boded no good intent.
"What can it mean?" he asked himself. "See—they enter the veranda. There's evil afloat. Ha!—thieves, as sure as heaven. I

will alarm the household." He left the window and hastened toward

But, ere he could lay his hand on the knob, he caught the sound of a tip-toeing step on the stairs. He paused irresolute. Should he dash out and give the alarm, or could he match

these intruders with his own strength and put them to flight? There were but two, he thought; and

while standing undecided, the door was pushed gently open.

He had barely time to draw back, when a

figure brushed past him, and was closely followed by another. "Give me the lantern, Perry," said the first that entered. "You and Neol rummage the desk, while I guard, and turn the light

on you." "Villains!" cried Hugh, bounding for-

He dealt a telling blow, for Perry reeled up against the wall, venting a horrible oath that was drawn out, part by pain, part by But the young man was deceived in the

number he expected to deal with.

No sooner did he strike than he was grasped from behind by an unlooked-for foe, and Neol pinioned his arms scientifically, while he hissed: "Up here, Perry! Choke the fool!"

Perry regained his feet in an instant; and ere Hugh could realize the trap into which he had thrown himself, he was being strangled by a set of iron fingers, while he was held powerless in Neol's vise-like em-He could not cry out; he could not re-

His senses began to swim; he knew they were killing him—and all as silently, as surely, as if the scene had been rehearsed.

In vain he tugged and strained, till his

face purpled with exertion. Ruby sprung to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the sleepers in the rooms beyond.

In doing this, one quick ray from the lantern flashed across her eyes. For a second the suffocating man, by a superhuman effort, forced his throat from

superhuman effort, forced his throat from
the mad grip of his assailant.

"Those eyes! those eyes!" he articulated
in a gulping, gurgling voice; and then
consciousness left him—he sunk limp and
heavy in the arms of Neol.

"Anybody up?" were the first whispered
words of Perry, as he turned from the
motionless, lifeless form.

"Sh!" Ruby invoked silence, and the three listened.

But, all was still. No," she said, "all's quiet. Come-now for the prize.

They bound and gagged the young man, and when he was rendered utterly helpless, in case of recovery, they proceeded to the business of the night.

It was the morning subsequent. Hugh had been found and liberated at an early hour by one of the servants, and consternation spread through the house when he narrated what had occurred.

It was fortunate for him that insensibility came when it did. It had saved his life. Had he struggled much longer, the grip Perry fastened on his throat would have

clung there till death ensued.

Cyrus Winfield was striding to and fro in the parlor, white and haggard, and running his fingers through his disheveled hair, as he groaned aloud, in mental agony. He was a ruined man! The robbers had

done their work thoroughly.

In his room, Hugh Winfield sat like one in a melancholy dream. A friend had called, only a few moments previous, and to him -an old, tried associate-Hugh had unburdened his mind, telling of every thing that was then eating at his heart like the gnaw-

ings of a poison-fanged serpent.
"Look here, Hugh, you talk like a jackass, if I must say it! What do you mean by such nonsense?"
"Those eyes! those eyes!" murmured

Hugh, absently; "only one such pair of eyes in all the world! I have gazed into them too often to be mistaken. They were Zella's eyes! They were Zella's!" "If you keep on this way, I'll report you as a subject for the mad-house! Behave

yourself.' "I saw them plainly by the light of the lantern," went on the other, as if he were dwelling solely on the tableau of the night

"It's simply a case of insanity! Your mind is full of this girl, and that fact, coupled to your father's desires, has tended to upset your ideas. But, pshaw! you you don't really care any thing for Zella Kearn-

"I tell you I do!" interrupted the young man, in a sort of frenzy. "I tell you I love her-and I never knew till now how much, how madly !" He pressed his hands to his throbbing temples, and stared, half-wildly

But you will soon forget her-" "Never—never—so long as I live!"
"It is a mere fascination, which time will

I've seen you 'taken' with pretty faces before, you know." Call it what you will. My heart yearns for her! my whole soul is in misery! Oh, God! what shall I do?"

"Do your duty," said his friend, a little sternly. "Forget that Zella Kearn ever lived—"

Impossible!" "Save your father from this abyss of

trouble, by winning the hand and fortune of Ilde Wyn."

Hugh looked hard into his friend's face.

He became calm, as he asked:
"Is it right that I should make myself

miserable for life, in order to secure the peace of one who would be content to see

"The case will not bear question," reasoned the other. "I am an old friend of yours, Hugh, and I tell you your duty lies in the course I have named. Besides, think of your mother; it would be hard—ay, death to her—to assume a life of drudgery, after being accustomed so long to the eas of wealth.

Don't speak of it-don't! You will drive me mad!" and his voice broke in a husky, tremulous whisper.

"Have you any cause to believe that Zella Kearn loves you?"

"None—none; and that is why this fire in my own heart is fanned till it has made

me fairly desperate."
"There is no great harm done then.
Give Zella up at once, and turn your whole
nature toward Ilde Wyn. Have you ever

"I have. She is a beautiful girl; and, by-the-by, she is enough like Zella to be her sister—only one is a dark blonde, and the other a brunette."

There was a long pause.
"Yes, I will do my duty," Hugh said, at length, with his glance still bent thoughtfully on the carpet, while the words fell slowly from his lips. "That's right—"

"But I must see Zella once more. I must bid her a long farewell."
"I wouldn't go near her again, if I were

you; it may make matters worse "No-I must. Don't protest; 'tis useless. I must look into her sweet face once more—
for the last time," and then he moaned, passionately, as his head sunk to his hands.
"Zella! Zella!—oh, how I wish you could
be mine!"

Half an hour later he ordered his horse. and started away from the house.

He looked into the parlor as he passed out through the hall, and beheld there the

scene of wretchedness—the sad scene of his father's harrowed mind. And this seemed to strengthen him in his resolution to bid Zella Kearn a farewell for-

ever, for he compressed his lips tightly, and clenched one fist, while his eyes kindled with sympathetic emotion. It was a long ride, yet he did not urge his animal, for, long ere he escaped from the crowded, busy thoroughfares, and entered

the smooth, quiet road, he was absorbed in a painful meditation upon the sacrifice he was about to make. He knew now how ardently he loved Zella; perhaps he might never have been con-

vinced of it, had not this ordeal been pre-sented — perhaps, would have lived on under the nameless spell she seemed to have involuntarily woven round him, and which, of itself, was hard to be endured, because of its very strangeness.
"Zella! Zella!" he broke forth, as the horse

"Zella! Zella!" he broke forth, as the horse walked slowly on; "oh, if you only knew what I am compelled to feel, you would wish, at least in sympathy, as I do—that we had never met! May God forgive me, if I have ever done or said too much, that would tend to win your love!—for it is enough that I should be so miserable, without your sharing it." sharing it."
Speaking thus, he aroused from his ab-

sent state, and jerked the reins.

The spirited animal leaped forward into a brisk gallop, bearing its rider onward toward the cottage home.
"After all," he thought, "the affection is

only on my side; then let us see if I can not be more of a man, and bring the iron of the Winfield nature to my aid. But, ah, how mistaken he was!

Madame Durand's Proteges;

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY. Not one of the household at the manse

slept that night. The servants who were not engaged in the active search for the missing bride, grouped together, and whis-pered over the old traditions attaching to the unhappy fate of the Durands. But never had such a casualty as this be-

Deaths there had been, sudden, appalling, but never a bride spirited away in the first hours of her wedded joy; never a husband left desolate before the nuptial kiss had

ceased to thrill upon his lips.

Johnston had been sitting in his accustomed place in the hall below; Jean was gossiping with another of the maids at the foot of the spiral staircase, at the very hour when Mirabel so strangely disappeared. Not one of them had seen her. The only other means of exit was the servants' stairway at the rear of the manse, but the door communicating with this was locked, and the key in the housekeeper's possession. Yet every corner of the upper portion of

the manse had been searched, every nook capable of concealing a mouse had been explored, but Mirabel was nowhere there. The acute sense of his sudden affliction sent new strength into the wasted form of Erne Valere. He rose up from his sick bed, and tottered through the rooms, white as a ghost, thin, shadowy, unreal, but with that fevered uncertainty of the something weird and horrifying which must have be

fallen Mirabel, he felt neither weakness nor But daylight came without one straw having been found on which to base a

Then the younger detective, who still remained at the Fairview House enlisted by his principal in the search for Heloise Vaughn, was called to this new work.

And by means of his observations, trained as he was to note the minutest points, it became evident that Mirabel had not returned to her chamber after she had left her hus band's side.

The detective had a theory of his own which, after the manner of his class, he did not impart, believing that he should demonstrate it soon and thereby take all credit home to his own endeavor. He was not in possession of the facts which had hastened the marriage. He only knew that the whole immense Durand estates were involved in

its consummation, and he jumped at the conclusion that the lady had yielded to the dictates of necessity—perhaps force—and allied herself to one for whom she had no love. Arguing further, he convinced himself that to escape the restrictions of this presumedly distasteful union, she had arranged and effected a secret flight.

ranged and effected a secret flight.

That he was mistaken in his conjectures might have been proved to him had he but made his opinion known, but as it was he took up a false trail.

He observed the swinging casement that opened upon the balcony, to which easy access could be obtained from the court below. A light ladder easily removed would account for the seemingly inexplicable. account for the seemingly inexplicable disappearance.

His thoughts were not suspected by those who had known her and her heartfelt devotion to Erne.

He made a careful inspection of the premises, and so he passed through the little dim anteroom, stooped to secure a knot of snowy ribbon from the red-and-black squares of the paved floor.

"She wore it," said Erne, chokingly, extending his hand for the tiny tie which had

fluttered at Mirabel's stately throat.

And the little white tie was all that was

found to trace her presence beyond the door which had closed her out from her new-made husband and the group of friends, when she left them on the preceding evening. Valere held it as he stood in the chamber now devoted to his occupancy, the room which had been Madame Durand's during her life. Some of his effects had been removed there, but in other respects

the apartment remained unchanged.
"My dear sir," said Dr. Gaines, who still remained at the manse, "you must take some rest now. You must not suffer a re-lapse. I know how impatience and anxiety are wearing upon you, and you must not

let them wear you out."

Erne shook his head sadly.

"I shall never rest until this mystery is cleared away. But I will try to restrain my impatience, and take all needful precautions to incure my speedy recovery. I feel tions to insure my speedy recovery. I feel neither fatigue nor weakness now, but for the sake of avoiding prostration hereafter I shall be careful. Don't ask me to remain -inaction would madden me, but depend upon it I will not overtax my powers

The doctor's mind misgave him, but he knew how useless it would be to remon-strate. He watched Valere as the latter crossed the room to a little plain trunk, and took from it a quaint old casket of some dark-stained wood. The lid flew back at touch of a spring, exposing a lining of faded crimson silk, its only contents a lock of long, disheveled hair, rippling and bronze-glinted.

Valere glanced up to catch the doctor's eye upon him.

"This," said the young man, touching the bit of hair reverently, "is all that I ever knew of my mother. And this little knot of ribbon is all that is left me now of my wife; my beautiful, noble Mirabel. The two sacred keepsakes shall rest together." Ineffable sadness, heavier than the burden

of bitter tears which in themselves are a relief, tinged the young man's tones.

He put the bit of ribbon tenderly down, and as he did so started violently at sound of the opening door. Every slight noise affected him in his state of excited suspense, and every sound seemed to herald news of his less love.

It was Mr. Thancroft who came in, with It was Mr. Thancroft who came in, with no glimmer of hope illumining his face. And that nervous action of Valere's had sent the open casket ringing to the floor. It was shivered to fragments by the fall, and in the midst of the fragments lay a hean of something—lustrous while and ri

neap of something--lustrous white and vi olet and golden gleams.

Erne picked it up with an ejaculation of incredulous surprise—a chain of alternate amethysts and pearls, suspending a locket of medallion shape, with a monogram woven in continuous lines of crusted gems

-a V of amethysts and a D of pearls.
"It is not possible—it can not be the lost necklace—the necklace which of all the Durand jewels is the only missing piece?" cried Valere, in breathless amazement.

Mr. Thancroft pushed forward.
"It must be! Yes, certainly; that is the

He took the locket from Erne's nerveless hand, and fumbling it a moment, succeeded in finding the spring. It opened to disclose a painted miniature, the face of a man which Mr. Thancroft recognized from a portrait which hung in the gallery of the manse; but the face was younger, fresher, tinted with the very expression of life by the hand

of a master artist.
"It is Mr. Valliers Durand," said the lawyer. "How strongly it reminds me of some one—is it you, Erne? I trace a resemblance, but it is indistinct when I look at

Do you not see?" queried Valere ea-"It is the very counterfeit of Lucian

So it was! The regular, perfectly modeled features, the deep violet eyes, the bronze locks, the firm curve of the lip, which marr-ed an otherwise faultless face with the cruel hardness lurking there-all these were reproduced again in Lucian Ware!

"It must be only a chance likeness—a mere coincidence," said Mr. Thancroft, hurriedly. "Do not mention this discovery, either of you; but tell me, Valere, where

did you get possession of this old casket?"

Valere rehearsed that scene from his childhood, which had come back to impress itself in such startling outlines upon his memory. He pictured the old casket in his baby hands, the little gold-tubed vial which lay within it, the woman who had watched him quietly at first, and then had snatched the vial away with an inarticulate, savage

"The woman—who was the woman?" de manded the lawyer.
"I do not know. I can see her now when close my eyes and concentrate my mind to

he task of remembering; a tall woman with a harsh face, and a great mass of gold bright hair, just touched with gray. I would know her should I ever see her again, but I can not remember the name. "Was it Vaughn?"

"Vaughn?—no! What was it?—if I could but think." He knit his brows in a strong effort to re-

"I have a shadowy impression-don't peak! It is coming to me, I think. Helen-no! Hermoine—Heloise—that is it, Hel-

"Heloise Vaughn !" cried the lawver. Valere looked surprised, and the other hastened to explain "The very woman whom Drake is search-

ing for now; the woman who had charge of Jules Durand's child."
"What a strange complication," said Va-lere, thoughtfully. "The little vial which I saw first so many years ago, I would be willing to take oath is the one which was found in the possession of Milly Ross, and I thought I saw it on the night of madame's death in the hands of Miss St. Orme."

He had no hesitation in making known

the fact now, since it had been proved that the poison which the vial contained had not been administered to Madame Durand.

"I can't make head or tail of the affair as it stands," said the lawyer, in utter perplexity. "It's a bad tangle to unravel, but we'll

ty. "It's do it yet." And in pursuance of the task, he went straight to the presence of Miss St. Orme and questioned her closely.

But Fay, before this released from the fear that any suspicion should be cast upon her, disclaimed all knowledge of the vial other than was known to the rest. Valere had been mistaken, she said. It must have been the gleam of her bracelet he

had seen—the bracelet madame had given her. She had worn it that night. It proved useless, too, to press the question upon Ross. She clung to the course she had steadily pursued throughout, by refusing to throw any light upon her possession

of the vial. The appearance of Drake on the following day promised something definite at last. He had actual trace of Heloise Vaughn now. She had been flitting from one to another of the little villages of the mountain, and at Lyle Ridge had been overtaken by a sudden severe illness, the result of exposure and fatigue. He had taken such precautionary measures as would prevent her cluding them

And still Mirabel was not found. Her fate was shrouded in the same inexplicable mystery, unpierced by a single ray of light.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE OR DEATH? THREE days went by and the morning of another broke, cloudless, calm and dazzlingly bright. The ripe summer-time was merging into early autumn; a light rain had washed out the traces of dust and wear, which at this season are apt to soil Nature's gala-dress; the grain-fields lying in the valley were changing their stubble from golden to brown; a flaming leaf flutered here and there where some aspiring maple tree shot itself aloft with tapering crown

swaying above the dark, rugged pines.

A sultry day, with the fresh air of the morning turning fervid under the glare of the reddening sun. A day, portentous in the duty it heralded, fraught with interest still and intense to all Fairview; opening with uncertainty and suspense, to close with the boon of liberty

or sentence of condemnation—which? The day of trial for Milly Ross. The county court-room was crowded to suffocation on that sweltering early autumn day. Local curiosity had risen to fever heat. The wide-spread reputation of dead Madame Durand, the respect which her immense possessions commanded far and near, the mystery of the fatal drug which had worked her end, and the subtle fascination which the details of of any crime seem

always to exert, drew the eager, unsympathizing, breathless crowd. The inmates of the manse were there in their capacity of witnesses. Even the terri-ble strain of anxiety which bore upon Erne, regarding the uncertainty of Mirabel's fate, was crowded back during the hours he was

called to participate in the scene of the Not a single hopeful face greeted the adent of the prisoner ing the general opinion, believing her guilt less, despite the dark appearances, wore sad expressions. But the one who had worked for her faithfully from the first, the one who had cheered her when she found no other comfort, was missing now at the last.

North was not there. The evidence was substantially that which had been taken at the inquest. There was scarcely a doubt through all the vast assembly what the result would be. The case was carried on through the whole day, and at sunset the jury-after the brief-

est absence from the court—returned to the "Gentlemen of the jury," spoke the judge, "what is your verdict? Do you find the prisoner guilty?"

"GULLTY, your honor; and we recommend punishment to the full extent of the

The dejected, shrinking form of the prisoner drooped yet more, and a low moan of despairing horror broke over her lips.

A stillness, like the stillness of death itself, fell on the waiting assembly. The

judge rose up in his place to pronounce the But before a word could be uttered came the sound of horses' hoofs, and the roll of a vehicle, coming at a fearful pace along the peaten road. A cloud of dust, a crash as the vehicle was brought to a sudden standstill, and the jaded, hard-driven beasts backed and plunged as they felt the cruel curb;

but, never heeding them, a man sprung out and rushed, like one mad, into the court-"Stop, for the love of Heaven!" he gasped, pushing his way frantically forward to the side of the counsel for the defense, and breathlessly panting a few words into his

The lawyer rose up and addressed the astonished judge.

"Your honor, there is further evidence to be taken. The verdict must be reconsidered after these new proofs have been After some little demur, the case was carried over to the morrow; and on the earliest train came the professor who had been instrumental in tracing the cause of madame's

The excitement on the second day was After a few opening remarks by the counsel, the professor was called to the stand, and his testimony cleared the point

at last—the mystery of the subtle poison which had stolen madame's life. After all, it was no human hand which had dispensed the deadly essence, but the quaint old ring of amethysts and pearls. The pearls were no pearls, but accurate imitations, and contained a large percentage of that subtle mineral poison, the agency of

which had effected the fatal end. The crystals which the professor had discovered in the china basin were now accounted for, The strong ingredients which composed the iniment had acted as a dissolvent of the false pearls, and had also precipitated the

effect of the poison upon the madame. Otherwise, she would have wasted away gradually, and seemingly died of a decline. We pass over the details of the trial, and at its close find Ross-weak, indeed, but never criminal—triumphantly vindicated.

A new verdict was rendered, and this time the foreman's stentorian tones rung through the breathless, waiting people: 'NOT GUILTY!"

Cheer after cheer broke from hundreds of throats; and North, whose indefatigable researches had brought about this result, sprung forward just in season to receive the fainting form of Ross as she tottered from

Poor, humbled Milly Ross! She could find no words to thank her preserver when she recovered from the giddy unconsciousness which followed the release she had well-nigh ceased to hope for.

She could only cover her pallid, worn face with her thin little hands, and sob in gratitude and contrition; for, during the weeks of her imprisonment, while the clerk strove to impress her with comforting hopes, while he engaged his utmost efforts of diligence and purse and mind in her cause, Lucian Ware had never once visited her cell, nor acknowledged her sacrifice and forbearance by so much as a word or token. Blind, indeed, must she have been to remain ignorant now as to which might be

her truest love.
"Don't cry so, Milly," exclaimed North, in distress, unconscious that tears were wetting his own honest cheeks. "Don't think that I'll trouble you, either, now that you're free; I love you too well to urge you

to any promise against your will, my lass!"

"Oh, Henry, Henry North!" cried the maid, struggling to check her sobs. "Pye not merited such love from you; but, if it's true that you care for me yet, I'll never say to you no again."
"Milly, lass! I've not even the hope of

the little martin-box to offer you now."

Ross looked up, to read the explanation in his averted gaze and reddening counte-

"You've spent it all in clearing me," said she, quickly. "I'm all too thankful to be spared for work, and to help you win it back again. I'll be faithful to you for all my life after this, Henry.'

And that assurance was more precious to the humble, struggling clerk than would have been a mint of gold.

That there was still something on his mind was evident, but he soon unburdened

'I hadn't enough, lass, to put me through without breaking on the sum the madame left. I've saved you three hundred of it though, and I'll pay you back the rest—every cent of it. The legacy was meant for you, Milly, and yours it shall be."

In vain did Milly plead; North remained firm as a real.

"We'll join our fortunes some day, please the Lord," said he, "when I get enough scraped ahead again. But madame's legacy must always be yours for a reserve, or whatever else you may like.

Fav St. Orme paused on the first landing of the spiral stairway. She had never quite overcome her awe of this place; she never made the descent without hesitating first, and grasping the balustrade firmly as she followed the course of the broad shallow steps. Especially as it grew near evening, when the golden gleams yet streamed in through the skylight at the top but left the bottom shrouded in uncertain shadow, did she shrink from the necessity which compelled her to traverse the winding way

As she stood there looking down into the cautious steps were treading the rounds near her; but glancing up no one was to be seen in the lighted space above. Again the indistinct steps sounded seemingly at her

She glanced along the corridor at her back but no one was there. While she waited wonderingly, the door from the little ante-room swung ajar, and through the crevice she caught one glimpse of a face the face of Lucian Ware. Almost instantly the door closed again without a sound.

Fay sprung forward to fling it back. The latch resisted her hand for a second, then the door opened to disclose the little room empty of any presence save now her own. She passed through hastily to the old madame's chamber—the one now occupied by Valere. It held no one.

Erne had gone this afternoon, in company with Mr. Thancroft, to Lyle Ridge. Fay's first impression had been that Ware, not knowing his absence, had made his way unannounced to the other's chamber. She

stood still trying to solve the puzzle.

She had seen Lucian unmistakably in the glow of the western light; and now, just as certainly, he was nowhere in these two rooms which had no door of exit except the one which opened upon the land-

She was not generally acute in drawing deductions, but now a suspicion flashed through her brain with sudden bewildering

She went quietly out, and sped back through the corridor to her own room She snatched a voluminous, ashcolored cloak from her wardrobe and put it on hastily over her crape evening dress. She tied the broad brim of a gray leghorn hat under her chin that the shadow should conceal her features, and then stole noise lessly out without attracting the attention of any one within the manse.

Down the mountain path she sped and straight to the lodging of Ware. His door was shut, and no answer came to her repeated summons.

The heavy steps of his landlady shuffled through the passage below, and paused at the foot of the stairs which led to his apartments. She held a sputtering tallow candle in her hand, lighted newly, and by its inefficient rays tried to pierce the ob-scurity which by this time had gathered. "Mr. Ware's not in yet," she called. "Ye can wait down here if ye like."
With that she receded into her own do-

main, leaving the candle sputtering from a tin socket pinned against the wall, and throwing a flickering glare over a couple of rickety chairs ranged in the passage-way.
"I'll not wait," Fay said to herself, with a quick compression of her lips not quite pleasant to see. It suggested the malice which a nature like hers will sometimes en-

But in the door she met Lucian, and

"I've been calling on you, Mr. Ware; the 'not at home' I received was not purely conventional, I find."
"I was late leaving the office," said Ware, by way of explanation.

"Dew on his boots," was Fay's quick mental observation. "He never got that on the village pavement."

'I had a letter from mamma to-day," she continued aloud in sweetest accents. "I want to consult you, Lucian, that is if you will walk with me to the end of the street. I'll not take you further this time, I pro-

He stepped out to the walk by her side.
"Now, what do you suppose this precious mamma of mine has been about?" pursued Fay, in her honeyed tones. "Just think! she has actually went and gone and done it," which is the little boys' version of some tiresome Latin proverb or other. She has married again without ever consulting

me, the sole chick of her care."

"Ah!" said Ware, with languid interest.

"Yes, married!" reasserted Fay, " to an unpronounceable German name, and hundreds-of-thousands of thalers to such an amount that my mathematical ignorance couldn't grasp it. "Mamma had just got news of the madame's death and my disap-

news of the madame's death and my disappointment, and writes for me to join her in Baden-Baden whenever I am so inclined."
"You'll go?" queried Ware.
"I've not decided quite," replied Fay slowly, inwardly raging at his evident unconcern.
"The truth is, there's no very extraordinary affection existing between mamma and me. You see, I was always regarded as an extra expense on her hands. I had to be clothed and educated, of course, and the allowance uncle St. Orme made her was really insufficient for all our needs

Then, I was just her style, and being twenty years younger always made her ap-pear faded beside me—although I believe

she was remarkably well preserved.

"It was purely to get me out of her way that mamma sent me here to this dull Fairview; and I don't suppose she'll be any more anxious for my rivalry in that charming Baden, where ladies need not necessarily be free from matrimony to essent their noise. be free from matrimony to assert their pri vilege of flirting. I've no idea that sweet ma mere is at all in love with her old money-bags of a German husband."

"You might entangle a count or a duke, or something of that kind, you know," suggested Ware, so indifferently that Fay's heart and her hopes sunk together like weights of cold lead.

She caught her tongue between her glistening little teeth before she would trust herself to speak.

"Perhaps I might," she said, in the slow, modulated tones of meditation. "That's an enticing aspect of the case, I admit. Ah, here we are! Good-night, Mr. Ware."
He lingered to ask with assumed indiffer-

'Is there still no trace found of Miss

"Of Mrs. Valere? They're searching closely, but secretly too, so I can't positively

say. "Are you sure that you know nothing of her whereabouts, Mr. Lucian Ware?" She put the question with startling distinctness, yet with such an air of pretty inno-cence and candor, that Ware studied her face doubtfully through the obscurity of the

twilight before he responded.
"I how should I know any thing of Fay flew up the rugged pathway when he had left her, breathless, wrenching her delicate hands in convulsive clasps, panting out disconnected ejaculations of anger, dis-

appointment and malice.

"Ah, to think he could deceive me! He knows—it is surely his work. Lucian, oh, my love! Peste!-you should have known better than to scorn such love. I've little enough liking for the beautiful Mirabel or saintly Valere, but to foil you

schemes-"Oh, but you shall suffer a thousand pangs for every one you've sent home to

"You see, my very dear Lucian, I have one very great advantage over you—deep, intense mystery that you are. My love-passion ran riot for a time, but the flame

began to flicker, and now you have quenched it out very completely indeed.

"It is better to be fickle, changeable, than to suffer the throes you must endure when your madness goes all to waste.

"The clew!—ah, yes! It is quite enough to put them on the track. Oh, Lucian, Lu-

Valere had accompanied Mr. Thancroft to Lyle Ridge, at the urgent request of the latter. There seemed nothing to be gained by remaining at the manse, and he cherished a vague hope that the woman, Heloise Vaughn, through her knowledge of the Durand history, might throw some light upon the mystery of Mirabel's disappear-

Drake had gone before by another way. They were within a mile of the village of Lyle Ridge, when the detective, mounted for his return, met them with a crestfallen

"The bird's flown!" said he, doggedly.
"She's given us the slip again, and I—well, I
acknowledge myself the cussedest fool in all Christendom."
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 184.)

The Penny Saved.

BY MRS S. P. DOUGHTY.

"I can not give it up, even to please you, little wife. It seems to be a sort of necessity with me—one of the must haves, you know. "No, I do not know, John. I have not

the slightest objection to a cigar; indeed, a good one is rather pleasant to me—" "And I always smoke the best," interrupted John.

"Yes, I know you do, and, therefore, as I said, I have no objection to the cigar in itself, but, as we were considering what we must have, and what we could do without. it appeared to me that the cigar belonged

to the latter class.' "Not at all, my dear. As we are just commencing life, (by the way, Susie, have you remembered that it is a month today since we were married?) and our income is small, it is quite right that we should make a rule to avoid superfluities, but there are some small articles of luxury which can not easily be dispensed with—this pretty bow, for instance," and he roguishly pulled the coquettish little bow with which Susie adorned her hair.

"Be quiet, John; do not lose your manners because the honeymoon is out. Do you mean to say that, if I will give up the bow, you will give up the cigar?"

"By no means, Susie. I regard them both as necessities—used in moderation, of

course. I never smoke more than two cigars in a day. I will tell you what I will do, Susie!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You may have just as much money to spend for ribbons as I spend for cigars. That is all fair, as you don't smoke. Take it out of the money which I shall give you for house-But, supposing I do not need it all for

'Oh, well, you can buy peanut taffy with the rest. I remember how fond you were of it when we went to school together." 'It was better than the 'chewing gum

ribbons

that you generally kept in your mouth," was the laughing retort. "But, seriously, John, that is a very fair offer on your part, and I am glad to accept it. What is the price of a good cigar, such as you are in the habit of smoking?"

"Well short of the property sometimes a

habit of smoking?"

"Well, about fifteen cents; sometimes a trifle more, and sometimes a little less, when I buy them by the quantity, but that is about the average: And, now, I must be gone to my business, Susie. We are chatting the morning away." And, with his usual affectionate 'good-by,' John Marsh walked briskly down the street.

A thoughtful busy little wife he had left A thoughtful, busy little wife he had left home. For a few moments after his de-

at home. parture she sat, with a bit of paper and a pencil in her hand, making a calculation which seemed to fill her with astonishment

"It must be wrong!" she exclaimed, and once more she went over the neatly made figures. All correct, not an error to be found, and, with a merry laugh, the paper was placed in her pocketbook, and she turned her attention to the duties of the

day.

Very pleasant duties they were, at least in her eyes. The home of her childhood had been a happy one, and there were many tender memories of father and mo-ther, brothers and sisters; but they were ther, brothers and sisters; but they were not so very far away; she should see them at least twice a year, and, though she dearly loved that old farm-house in the country, it was really delightful to have a home of her own, and John to love and care for, even if it was in a somewhat close and confined street in the city. And then the apartments were so comfortable and convenient, and the money which her father venient, and the money which her father had given her on her marriage had furnished them so neatly, that it was certainly a pleasure to live in them, and, in short, Susie considered herself the happiest of women, and intended to be the very best of

'It should never be said that she ruined John by her extravagance."

He had a promising situation, but, as yet

He had a promising situation, but, as yet, his salary was small, and strict economy would be necessary to make both ends meet. The prudent father was of the opinion that the young couple had better wait awhile, until they could "take a fair start in life," but the more sympathizing mother said that "it did young folks good to begin together and work up," and, as usual, she prevailed, and the wedding took place, and now, a month subsequent to place, and now, a month subsequent to this important event, Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh were quietly settled in their new home, and ready to begin their married life in a small, snug way, quite compatible with common sense and true comfort.

"Ribbons and peanuts!" exclaimed Susie several times in the course of the day on which our story commences. "Oh, John which our story commences. "Oh, John is so funny. I wish I could tell mother all about it," and, though there was no one to tell, her merry laugh still rung through the

Time passed on. John smoked his cigar in peace, and Susie's bows increased in beauty and variety, while peanut candy asionally seen on her little work table, and John was jokingly invited to

"help himself."

"Mother" had probably been told many little secrets, for Susie had passed a week or two at home during the summer, and now that autumn had come again, and "Thanksgiving" was drawing near, there were strong hopes that both she and her husband would join the happy family circle, which still clustered around the fireside in the old farm-house, for that day, at least.

in the old farm-house, for that day, at least.

"We really must go," urged Susie, "for they will all be so disappointed if we do not, and besides, it is the anniversary of our marriage, John. Hasn't the year passed quickly?"

"Very quickly, and very happily," was the cheerful reply. "Yes, we must go, if possible, and I will make every exertion to have it so. Let me see—just one week

have it so. Let me see-just one week

from to-day."

"Yes, to Thanksgiving; but we must leave the afternoon before. We shall get there by ten or eleven o'clock in the even-

"Well, we will do our best," returned John. "By the way, Susie, can you make my overcoat look any better? It is pretty shabby, but I must make it last through

"Can not you possibly afford to buy a new one?" asked Susie, sympathetically, but with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "No, dear, not this winter. There are so many expenses, you know. We must be very careful, or we can not make both ends meet. Our old friend, Manning, who is in the clothing business, called me into his store this morning and made me try on a first-rate coat—just such a one as I should like. He offered to let me have it very cheap, considering the quality, and to wait until I could pay him conveniently, but I do not think it is best to take it. I

dread being in debt, even to a friend."
"Certainly; so do I," acquiesced Susie.
"What was the price of it, dear?"
"Thirty dollars, and it is well worth forty; it is such excellent cloth and so well made. But I shall not think of it again.
You will attend to my old one, Susie?"
"Oh, certainly; I will do my very best
to make it look well."
And Susie did so, but even her "very

best" could not make the old coat look any more than decently shabby. John de-clared himself satisfied, however, and Susie so far agreed with him as to say that it would "answer the purpose very well. This was a rather ambiguous expression and John did not quite understand it, but made no remark. He would certainly have been enlightened if he had stood in his friend's clothing store later in the day and seen Susie as she entered and inquired of the obliging clerk if she could see Mr. Manning for a moment. That gentleman soon appeared, and, after a few moments' conversation with her, brought forward a handsome overcoat for her inspection, assuring her that it was the one which Mr. Marsh had tried on, and promising to send it to his address in half an hour.

Very well, I will pay for it now," was Susie's reply, as she took from her porte-

monnaie three ten-dollar bills, placed them in Mr. Manning's hand, and tripped lightly away, evidently delighted with her pur-

The week slipped quickly by. John's efforts were successful, and business was so arranged that he could leave on Wednesday noon and not appear again until Satur-

"Even better than I expected!" exclaimed Susie, as he came in soon after twelve and told her the good news. "Now we will have a little lunch, John, and then we will get ready at once, and take the three o'clock train."

The lunch was hastily eaten-various litthe household arrangements completed—carpet-bag packed and locked, and, at last, came the happy moment, when Susie, in her neat traveling-dress, stood before the

glass, actually tying on her hat.
"Are you all ready, John? Get your hat and coat, and give them a brush, that's a dear. I like to have you look nice when you go out with me, you know."
"I will do my best; but brushing will not make old clothes new," returned John,

with a good-natured laugh.

He stepped into the hall for his overcoat, and Susie, trembling with delight, held her

breath to listen. "Hollo! What's this? Where did this come from?" exclaimed the astonished husband, as he re-entered the room with the new overcoat in his hand. "What does all

this mean, Susie?"
"Nothing, John," was the demure reply,
"only a little present for you."
"A present! From whom, Susie?"
"From me, dear. A wedding present, I thank you a thousand times, dear.

But where could you get the money?" he asked, still looking a little doubtful whether to be glad or sorry.
"Oh, it is all paid for, you needn't look so scared. I am as much opposed to running into debt as you are. I bought it with

my cigar money, if you must know," she continued, with a merry laugh.
"Your cigar money, Susie! I do not un-"Why, do you not remember telling me, nearly a year ago, that I could have the price of your two cigars a day to buy ribbons and peanut taffy?"

"Yes, I do remember saying that, but I do not see what it can have to do with my

overcoat." "Simply this. I have bought all the ribbons and candy that I wished for, and had enough remaining to pay for your overcoat-to say nothing of what I have left in

my portemonnaie."
"Can this be possible, Susie? "Quite possible, as you will find, if you take the trouble to figure it up. But we shall lose the train if we talk any longer. Put on your coat and hat and lock the

John obeyed, but his movements were mechanical, and he seemed unable to recover from his surprise. It was not until they were seated in the cars, and fairly started on their journey, that he regained his powers of speech, and fully comprehended that the much desired overcoat was really and honestly his own. "This beats me, Susie!" he whispered,

'I could never have believed it," 'Nor I, John, if I had not counted it up," was the reply.
"It was very kind in you, Susie, and it

has taught me a good lesson besides giving me a new overcoat. In future we will save the price of four cigars a day. What do you say to that?"
"I shall like it, John, if it will not be too great a sacrifice on your part."
"I shall make it, at all events. Why, we

may buy a house, in time!" The journey was a prosperous one, and a loving welcome awaited them at its close. The mother smiled as she observed the handsome overcoat, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Susie, which was no-

"I see you know all about it, mother," he said, with a happy smile. "It was a good lesson, and you will see that I shall profit by it. There is nothing like the penny saved." ticed by the watchful John.

The Occupant of No. 34.

BY R. FORBES STURGIS.

"IF you please, Miss Clarice says she is too sick to arise," said the soft voice of the French maid, as she curtsied lowly.

A frown suddenly appeared upon the

faces of both the mother and daughter ad-"I declare it is too bad!" ejaculated the

young lady. "Clarice has no business to delay us! I, for one, will not submit to any such disappointment."

"What can we do?" Mrs. Hawthorne questioned. "Drag her from her bed and

force her to accompany us?"
"No, indeed," returned the daughter,
with a sneer. "She is not such a desirable appendage as that. Leave her here, and when she becomes able, let her come to

"By doing so we must leave Ninette."
"Not at all. Ninette must accompany The chambermaids can care for her.' "But you forget that Clarice is your stepfather's daughter, and that he may not like it," Mrs. Hawthorne remonstrated.

"Nonsense! He will never know it. He's so absorbed in his business and your clarified in the state of the the will never think it.

own precious self that he will never think of Clarice. And no difference to me if he did! Guy Clitheroe will be at Saratoga to-morrow, and I must be there also. He was nearly won when we parted two weeks ago. I must be the first to meet him there, and complete the conquest. Once let me get my fingers on his purse-strings, and good-by to old Hawthorne's opinion!"

And so the matter was settled.

Mrs. Hawthorne called for her bill, told the clerk her eldest daughter was indisposed and would still remain a few days, as it was so much quieter than at Saratoga,

and then took her departure.

Clarice heard them go with a sigh. It was so hard to be left alone in a strange hotel, sick. But she bravely forced her tears back, and hoped that on the morrow she would be better. Late that evening a gentleman arrived at

"Just one room vacant," said the clerk. "And that because a lady and her daughter left it to-day. Here"—to a sleepy waiter—"show this gentleman to No. 32."

The porter took the gentleman's valise and coat, and rapidly ascended the stairs.

He entered the room, and began fussing

"Any thing you wish, sir?" he questioned, awed by the sparkle of the heavy diamond study in the gentleman's shirt-bosom,

and the diamond ring on his finger.
"No. Hark! What's that? It's surely somebody moaning with pain," ejaculated

the gentleman.

"The lady in No. 34!" the porter exclaimed. "I'll bet it's her! I was out on the piazza this morning, and I heard the woman and her daughter that occupied this room planning to leave the other one behind, 'cause she was sick.' "Impossible!"

"True, sir. And they took the waiting-maid away with them, sir, because the young one was planning to catch some felow at Saratoga, and wouldn't be disap-

"Heartless!" the gentleman returned.
"Then this poor lady has no one to attend her. Do go quickly and get some one to go in and see to her."

The porter disappeared. A few moments sufficed, and then a chambermaid and a doctor entered No. 34.

The next morning the gentleman eagerly inquired after the lady.

"A fever, sir," was the response.

Nine days passed, and still the gentleman lingered at the hotel. He had not seen the occupant of No. 34, or even heard her name, but yet he felt in some way her protector.

"She will live," the doctor said to him, as he passed, and the gentleman bowed. A few days later he stopped him again.
"The lady wishes to see you," the physician observed. "I have told her of your

He hastily obeyed her summons. He stepped inside the room. He cast one glance at the frail figure on the couch.
"Miss Clarice!"

"Mr. Clitheroe!" were the mutual ex-

clamations. And it was your stepmother and Isabel that left you here?" he questioned, as remembrance of the conversation which the porter had repeated to him floated through his brain. He was the fellow Miss Isabel was in pursuit of, and he started as he thought how easily he would have fallen

into her net.
"I am surprised," was all the remark he

From that time forth he visited Clarice, as she rapidly convalesced.

About that time she received a letter

from Isabel. "I am so sorry you should have such a stupid thing as a fever," she wrote. "But, as you have, you will probably lose your hair, and I do wish you would cut it off (short hair will be becoming to you) and send it to me. It just matches mine-Mr. Clitheroe does so much admire a heavy

head of hair !" Clarice threw the note down, submitted her head to a barber, and inclosed the shining locks to her step-sister.

"I would have lost it, anyway," she said to herself, with a sigh, "and it's as well she

should have it."
"I wish to leave you a day," Mr. Clitheroe said that evening. "I am going to the city to see your father. Darling, may I ask him a question?"

Clarice colored to the tips of her ears.
"And will you leave have as my wife." "And will you leave here as my wife, if he so wills it?" he questioned, and though

Clarice spoke not, he was answered.

Two weeks later Mr. Clitheroe's card was handed to Miss Isabel. "He's come at last, mamma," she cried. What could have kept him away so long? She fluttered down to the parlor, all

smiles, Clarice's curls streaming down over She scarcely noticed the vailed figure, as she extended both hands to Guy Clitheroe,

"This is my wife, Isabel," he said, quietly, presenting her step-sister to her.

Isabel staggered.

"Where did you meet her?" she cried.
"I arrived at the hotel the evening after you left, intending to escort you here," was the polite reply.

Isabel's congratulations were not very warm; and, when she returned to her room, she snatched Clarice's hair from off

"To be foiled by that short-haired, meek, pale-looking creature!" she cried, spitefully.

"I don't see what charms he could find in

But Clarice never regretted being the oc-

cupant of No. 34, and forgave her step-sister and her mother for that heartless conduct. A Wonderful Story .- It is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt, two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary for life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, who has the reputation of being both great and learned, Professor at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all, as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever, but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose lives have been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at at some fu-

ture time, only the secret of preservation has now been lost. Meanwhile, Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his little idea; among others, his experiments of the last ten years, which he says have always proved successful. He took a snake, and proved successful. He took a shake, and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble; and it was so brittle, that had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an exstition of which is his secret. For intect, years the snake has been undergoing an existence of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to the Government, requesting that a criminal who has been conducted to death may be given to him, to demned to death may be given to him, to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who endures this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish Government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposal is not known.

Ir is said that the Boston music publisher who published "Shoo Fly" made ten thousand dollars by it.



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AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE-DEATH" AGAIN!

MR. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, in our next issue, will give his multitude of admirers the opening chapters of his new Romance of the noted "Hunter's Paradise" region, in the far South-west-a story of marvelous interest and of decided originality, viz.:

THE ROCK RIDER;

The Spirit of the Sierras. A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS.

Thoroughly familiar with the field wherein Gustave Aimard and Capt. Mayne Reid have located several of their finest works. Mr. Whittaker is fast asserting his claim as an author of co-equal merit with these enchanting writers; and this admirable production will place him at their side, for it is, unquestionably, taken in all its features, one of the

Most Brilliant and Exciting Stories of the beautiful region still haunted by the untamed tribes of the South-west that has ever graced our purely American literature.

The implacable old Messenger of Vengeance, the Old Rock Rider; the whimsical Dutchman and his remarkable dog; the daring young Athlete and his magnificent horse; the weird and beautiful Spirit of the Sierras; the Negro keeper of the grim "Cave of Skulls;" the two young lady captives; the combined savage horde of Apache, Comanche and Arapahoe who make the slaughter of a Government train their especial work-all are active participants in the intensely-absorbing and singudar series of events.

The serial adds another to the long list of literary triumphs which common consent awards to the SATUEDAY JOURNAL and which have placed this paper in the van of the Popular Weeklies.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Tribute.-A correspondent in St. Louis who "takes a great interest" in our "valuable paper," expresses his feelings in regard to Washington Whitehorn, as follows:

BY AN ADMIRER.

Oh! Washington Whitehorn
You're a double-fired brick,
To please the public minds
You know the "turn and trick."
'Tis your Foolscap Papers
That the people they are after—
We split our sides—oh, my—
Indeed we do, with laughter.

Even now I have to laugh-

My sides are really shake To think of your Lunar vis

Or, what the deuce you take

But, let it be a rake,
Or whate'er it may be,
The public feels as proud of you
As a mother of her baby.
Then fure you well, Great Namesake;
May larrels crown your brow;
And when you cease your writings
May you be remembered then as now.

A Timely Caution.-No doubt thou sands of persons have been seriously injured by over-exercise and violent exertion. All such exertion hurries the heart's action to an inordinate degree and causes it to throw the blood with great force into the extreme vessels, and as there is almost always one organ of the body weaker than the others, the vessels of this organ become distended, and remaining distended, the organ itself becomes diseased. Running, rowing, lifting, jumping, wrestling, severe horse-exercise, cricket, football, are fruitful causes of heart disease Those which require the breath to be suspended during their accomplishment are more fruitful causes in this respect than those which require no such suspension of the breathing. Rowing, lifting heavy weights, wrestling and jumping do this; and of these, rowing is the most powerful for evil. At every effort made with the hands and feet, the mus cles are strained to their utmost; the chest is violently fixed; no air is admitted into the lungs; blood is thrown by the goaded heart with great force into the pulmonary vessels; they become distended; they at length can not find space for more blood; the onward current is now driven back upon the right heart: its cavities and the blood-vessels of its walls become in like manner distended: the foundation of disease is laid. Hypertrophy, hærmoptysis, inflammatory affections of the heart and lungs, are the consequences in the young; valvular incompetency, rupture of the valves or of the muscular fibers of the heart, pulmonary apoplexy, and cerebral hæmor rhage, are too frequently the immediate conse-

quences in those of more mature years. The healthiest persons are those whose motions are equable and whose exertions are never specifically violent, and in taking exercise that person is wise who recognizes this truth, that all action which sends the blood bounding through the veins is dangerous and to be avoided.

The Art of Rowing.-In sailing-craft we certainly excel the English-our yachts hav-ing beaten them in almost all instances, but at the cars we are behind the noted rowers of

Oxford and Cambridge, although our Wards and Biglins, as oarsmen, have made for us a splendid record.

Our professional oarsmen lean to what is ermed the Oxford style of handling the oar. The difference between the Oxford and Cambridge system of rowing is illustrated thus, by a person who has witnessed several of the great races of those noted Clubs on the Thames:

"It was only necessary to watch the Cambridge boat approaching to notice, in the rise and fall of the oars, the following peculiarities: A long stay of the oar in the water, a quick rise from and return to the water, remaining out of the water for the brief-est possible interval of time. In the case of the Oxford boat, quite a different appearance was presented; there was a short stay in the water, a sharp rise from and return to it, and between these the oars appeared to hang over the water for a perceptible interval. In the Cambridge crew, the first part of the stroke was done with the shoulder-precisely according to the old-fashioned modes - the arms straight until the body had fallen back to an almost upright position; then came the sharp drop back of the shoulders beyond the perpendicular, the arms simultaneously doing their work, so that, as the swing back was finished, the back of the hands inst. ouched the ribs in feathering. In the case of the Oxford crew a style was observed which at first sight seemed excellent. As soon as the oars were dashed down and caught their first hold of the water, the arms, as well as the shoulders of the oarsmen were at work. The result was that when the back had reached an upright position, the arms had already reached the chest and the stroke was finished. Thus, the Oxford stroke takes a perceptibly shorter time than the Cambridge stroke; it is, also, necessarily somewhat shorter in the water. One would, therefore, say it must be less effective but it means simply that the oar is taken much more sharply, and, therefore, much more effectively, through the water."

Our own Harvard Club, in its race with the victorious Oxfords, when it passed under Hammersmith Bridge, had almost as much of Cambridge as Oxford. Since then, our amateur oarsmen show more of the Oxford " wait ing feather" and lightning stroke than the long stroke and lightning feather of Cambridge. But, with all this, our style is a fair cross between the two.

FRIENDSHIP.

So many kinds of friendships exist in these days that it is somewhat difficult to determine what real friendship is, and each one must judge for himself whether it be

I style that person my friend who, when I go to visit her, will greet me cordially and as though she wished to see me, and not just nod her head and say: "Ah, Eve, is that you? I am glad to see you.' may be glad to see me, but I want her to

show that she is so.

Quite an impulsive cousin of mine I went to visit last summer. He resided on the banks of the "beautiful blue" Penobscot, and was so anxious to bid me welcome that he would not allow the boat to land ere he jumped on board, and I knew he was right glad to see me. His sister was patiently waiting on the wharf, and the way that dear girl hugged me was "a good sight

We all want to be made company of when we go abroad, and when people put themselves out of their way to accommodate me I fully appreciate it.

I like to have a friend who will be the

same to me in my troubles as in my joys, and not, if clouds overtake me, let me find my way out of them as best I can. the person who deprives himself of his own umbrella in a rain storm, that you may be protected, who is your sincere friend.

He is no friend to you who will praise you to your face and vow and protest that he never will be false to you, and the next moment, behind your back, talk over all your foibles and shortcomings.

But then, we are apt to judge our friends a little too harshly, if their opinion does not coincide with our own; or, if they chance to advise us when we are getting too far in the wrong road, we don't think "such friendship as that worth the hav-ing," yet all the while it is certainly the

No doubt we expect and exact too much of those whom we call our friends; we call on them too often for favors, and, if they have not the power to grant them, we think them lacking in kindness of heart. We should not like to have persons think so badly of us, if we were so situated as not to be able to comply with their requests but then, we never look at home to find misdeeds; we wander away for them.

I have known some girls to consider me "just the nicest being in the world," and possessed of more good qualities than nature endowed me with-that was when I wrote their billet-doux to their beaux for them; yet, the very next day I was, in their estimation, "a cross old thing"—that was because I declined to allow them 'o

read my manuscript ere I sent it to the press. Now, isn't that exactly the way of the world? One moment pleased with us because we favor our friends, and the next moment displeased with us because we are not willing to oblige them.

If we want to get through this life peacefully and quietly as possible we must try to keep all the friends we have, and to leave no opportunity untried in which to win a new friend. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Grand Concert.

IT pleases me to announce—and it is the proudest moment of my life when I do sothat I will soon give a mammoth concert on such an extensive scale that it will lay all other things of the kind in the shade and cover them up warm. Indeed, the concert will be too large to an-ounce it, therefore I will expound it.

The tickets of admission will be of corresponding size, fifteen feet square, and will require three men to carry each one, and I am glad to say that the price will be in pro-portion to the tickets, and it will take three men to raise the price of one ticket, for you see that the high notes will be very essential in raising the tune. The director's tuning-fork will be about the size of the forks of the road, and it will take four men to bite it, and two more to catch the pitch, providing the pitch isn't too hot,

No slow notes will be taken or used. Sixteen steam engines will render, with thrilling and startling effect, the much cele-brated "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," and the explosion of two of the engines will constitute the chorus

Fifty thousand voices will help along the song of "Hark, I hear somebody sing," each singer being provided with a fireman's trumpet, which magnifies four hundred times; the effect will be electrical; to make it more electrical, a forty-horse-power gal-vanic battery, with wires all over the house

will be on hand. Three hundred Chinese gongs will assist in the celebrated song of "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, landlord, dear," with the most stunning effect, and to assist in the *encore*, two hundred and fifty saw-logs will drop from the ceiling to the floor around among the audience.

Two thousand infants, without nurses will appear on the stage, and render "I want to be an angel" with such harmony that the audience will involuntarily break out and help them to be angels.

Eight thousand young misses will sing a

The beautiful song, "Silent voices," will be rendered on one hundred anvils, two wood-sawing machines, twenty-four church bells, sixteen pieces of artillery, and a medium-sized imported earthquake.

The low, sweet melody, "Speak softly," will be rendered in excellent style by a fullgrown storm, which is chartered for the purpose, with thunder and lightning ac-companiment; the effect will be striking. A hundred milk-maids will sing the milk-ing song, assisted in the chorus by one hundred cows blowing their horns.

As every thing will be on a big scale, the songs will be huge; every verse will be a mile and a half long, and wide in proportion, and each note will weigh not less than

One of the leading features of the enter-tainment will be a mammoth Jews-harp, fifteen feet long, but, as I can't find a man with a mouth to fit it, I fear I will be obliged to play it myself. I have a good musical education, and can pick any thing from a fiddle to a fuse. The Jews-harp performance will have an interlude, which

will be a pathetic railroad smash-up, and draw tears from all eyes.

All the brass horns will be blown by steam, with the exception of the manager's; he will blow his own horn. The hand-organ to be used on this occa

sion will require one thousand five hundred monkeys and all Rome to operate it. Five hundred musicians will play one hundred and forty-eight different pieces at the same time with charming effect, and the chorus will be a can of nitro-glycerine by public request.

The mere announcement of the fact that the manager will play the celebrated Star Spangled Banner backward on the bassdrum to the most uproarious applause will be sufficient to draw all the people in the United States to the grand Collision-um, which is building.

The manager will sing three songs and

whistle two tunes at once, assisted by six-teen packs of Chinese fire-crackers. orty thousand people will sing a solo. The tunes will be so large that no one man can carry one of them, and it will re-

quire forty pounds of powder to start each The large hall will be finished on time, because I am getting it built on time, and the singers will all sing on time, for you

see time is one of the main ingredients in a great concert like this. Forty thousand gongs and bass-drums, in-terspersed with siege guns, will accompany a little girl in "Father, dear father, come

As a grand finale, four hundred barrels of powder under the floor will be discharged, and it will be warranted to bring down the

house, or the money will be refunded.
One ticket of admission, fifty dollars, two enty five doll twelve dollars, eight tickets, fifteen cents Reserved seats, on a hill forty-two miles off, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. extra. Manager and Director.

Woman's World.

Hints for Housekeepers.—Cullery, Woodenware and Hardware.—Some New Inventions and Patents.

Some time since we offered a few hints to those who anticipated going to house-keeping, about the general expenditure of means at the outset. There are numerous con veniences and comforts which may be gradually added to the household furniture the expense of which will hardly be felt, so gradually may the outlay be made. Look ing through a large house-furnishing not long since, we were struck with the num berless inventions for shortening labor and increasing comfort, for which money might be judiciously spent by the housekeepe either in the city or country. For instance why does not every lady have a knife-sharp ener on her table? It costs only fifty cents, and the often disagreeable duty of carving, might be made a pleasure to her husband, instead of "an inward agony," if his carver only had the advantage of being drawn through those sharpening edges, in-stead of being whetted and flourished against that old-fashioned abomination, which comes with every ivory or pearl handled carving-set, a steel.

The cutlery department of such establishments should be well studied by every young housekeeper. Besides the elegant pearl and ivory handled table cutlery, there are patent cook-knives and vegetable-knives bone-saws and poultry-choppers, and dishing-up forks, and asparagus and other vegetable forks, which when once placed in a kitchen, seem necessaries, not luxuries.

The woodenware department is scarcely less attractive. No one, after looking through it, would be willing for the "wooden wedding" time to roll round, before hav-ing some of the beautiful things seen there. Bread platters, with richly-carved borders in various designs, and appropriate mottoes in raised letters, are inexpensive and durable investments. Here is one with the mot to: "Lips, however rosy, must be fed." Another runs thus: "Give us this day our daily bread." Another, "Cut and come again." One, short, sweet and to the point, says, "Spare not." Another sententiously warns us to "Waste not, want not."

The exquisite and appropriate carving found on some of this woodenware, must excite the admiration of any one with an eye to the artistic and beautiful. An ear of Indian corn is a favorite device for the handle of a bread-knife. The designs on the salad forks and spoons are equally pretty and ingenious. Two rabbits nibbling at a cabbage is a favorite device.

Among the necessary and useful articles, we find fork-cleaners and knife-boards, spice-mortars and pestles, beef-steak pounders, Scotch butter-paddles and butter-prints,

and butter-molds and forcers, which turn out the butter in the form of fruits, flowers and shells. In this line of goods also is shown an artist's chair, forming, when shut, a walking-stick. It is a most desirable thing for a pedestrian tourist and sketcher, as it can be opened and used for a seat, where such would be otherwise unattainable, or inaccessible. There is another of the same

style which can be doubled up and carried in the pocket. In the hardware department we find toast-In the nardware department we find toasting forks with sliding handles, so that the hands may never be burned, while manipulating that delicate piece of cookery, making toast. How few know how to toast a piece of bread!—and what a rare luxury is a plate of good dry toast. By the way, toast eleval of the process of the street resets and the streets resets are streets and the streets resets and the streets reset

should always be served on a toast-rack.
Griddle-cakes may not be wholesome, but we like them sometimes as an American luxury, and we know from experience that a soapstone griddle is the thing on which to bake them. They will not burn and stick to it, even if no lard or butter is used in the operation of cooking them.

Among the numberless varieties in the way of sad-irons and smoothing-irons we find one—a woman's invention and patent—a polishing-iron, which is now in almost universal use in large laundries, imparting that exquisite gloss which is so coveted by dandy gentlemen for their fine linen.

Speaking of women's inventions reminds Speaking of women's inventions reminds us of one we have lately seen from which the fair patentee will probably make as much as the lucky inventor who found that glycerine applied to sponge, would render that substance permanently elastic, and fit for upholstery purposes. The lady's lucky idea is in the applying glass to the hemmer of sewing-machines. It is a rare combination of all the advantages of all previous inventions in this line, to which is added a glass plate, through which the operation of turning the hem can be seen, so that its acturning the hem can be seen, so that its ac curacy must be incomparably greater than that of any other hemmer.

For utilizing space in a household, there is a portable combination wardrobe which has been invented and also patented within the last year, which ought to be more generally known to the Woman's World than

It is to be attached to a wall or door, by means of two screw hooks, passing through two screw eyes in the wardrobe. It is thus held close and firmly to the wall. It is ca-pable of sustaining a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds. Curtains, which by an ingenious attachment, can be readily put up removed when required, form the sides and front. Thus it gives perfect ventilation while excluding dust and light. A shelf is also attached of sufficient depth for a hat-box, or articles of clothing. The whole affair can be put up or taken down in a few minutes, can quickly be folded into a space of three inches in depth. The cost of this ingenious and economical invention is from five to fifteen dollars, according to size and the quality of the curtains. Not only is this a good investment for a young house-keeper, but we would also suggest its convenience for parties visiting watering-places and those who board, and are frequently obliged to change their place of residence. EMILY VERDERY.

WE all see further in a rainy day than we do in one clear and bright—that is, further into the day before yesterday; just as we see more of Heaven in the night than we do in the daytime.

Short Stories from History.

m wnich

Battle of Agincourt.-At this memor-

immortal honor, eighteen French knights having entered into an ascociation to take the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle-ax, which did not, however, penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welsh captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expense of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude for such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardor. His bro ther, Gloucester, who fought by his side received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and, at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assail ants; but not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees however instantly sprung up, and laid the man who gave it dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a sort of enthusiasm, bore down all before them. The Duc d'Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the morti fication of surviving his defeat. With three hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigie of valor, and crying out, 'I am the Duc l'Alencon,' he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his word, Henry returned the stroke so effectu ally, that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alencon filled the French with consterna-tion and confusion, and they betook themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed four hundred men. The English were at the commencement of the battle about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welsh captain, was sent to reconnoiter the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that 'there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.'

A Powerful Love Story, by MRS, JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, is in hand and will soon be commenced. It is in this brilliant writer's best mood, and, in several respects is the best, most absorbing serial that any paper has had the pleasure of publishing for many a day. Mrs. Burton has indeed already won an enviable fame, which this new story will greatly

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice reats first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "capy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always profess the chorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no menus implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

we will not be able to make available the following contributions: "Foiled;" "Mo Cailin Raadht;"
"None to Love;" "A Coach Horse's Adventure;"
"The Chief's Last Squaw;" "A Bonny Bride;"
"Old Ransom's Bet;" "A Month of Pain;" "A
Household Prince;" "Uncle Mose;" "Lucia Bonavente;" "Matida, the Smuggler's Daughter;"
"Efficacy of Prayer;" "The Bandit's Wife;" "A
Ghost in the Chimney;" "Buba Belle;" "The
Minister of Vengeance;" "Indian John."

The following we shall try and find place for, viz.;
"Waiting;" "Shot by a Pack-saddle;" "To Washington Whitehorn;" "Shadows on the Wall;"
"Last Regrets;" "Land of the Free;" "Wander-er's Lament;" "A Peace Offer;" "The Lost
Friend;" "Oh, say Yes!"
Will answer next week on MSS. by H. L. G.;

Will answer next week on MSS. by H. L. G.; Miss P. F. G.; Mrs. J. H. K., etc., etc.

E. E. Z. We have another story by Consin May Carleton.

Carleton.

ARTHUR L. There may be such a firm as you name, but we do not find it in the Directory. Look out for "sawdust!"

MRS. P. F. G. Yes, the paths of both literature and art are hard ones to tread, even to those well-endowed with talent. We do not want to discourage you, but want you fully to understand the work that is before you or any one else who would live by the pen or brush.

the pen or brush.

Cassa G. We have several times advised young ladies against anonymous correspondents. No true gentleman will hide his name and identity. Besides, even if he gave a correct name, it is not proper to hold communication with one whose relations to you are not fully known to your parents. Beware of the "correspondent for fun," and never respond to a nameless address.

G. Varian. Brooklyn is called the "City of Churches" because, in proportion to its inhabitants, it has more churches or places of worship than any other city in the Union. The largest congregations are those of Beecher. Talmage, Cuyler, Duryea, Scudder, etc. Brooklyn has over 400,000 inhabitants—a large proportion of whom, however, do business in New York city.

Agrippa. Dr. Livingstone is now on his way to the new "water-shed" region. He will pass south of Lake Tanganyika, then strike S. W. to latitude 12° S. and longitude 30° to 25° E. This is the region where the great writer system he has discovered has its rise, and from thence he will follow down the 25° of longitude to about 4° N. latitude, where his exploration will end. This trip is taken to correctly locate the discoveries he has made.

F. W. G. We know nothing of the article on Pauline Markham. As to the paper referred to we do not give it office room.

DON QUILLOTE. Serial MSS, are written usually on letter size paner. A foolscap page can be used. Commercial note size, however, is most convenient for the type-setter.

for the type-setter.

QUANDARY. We should say, when a lady honorably pledged to you, ceases to answer your notes, the onus of explanation rests with her, and as an honorable woman she should give it. If she refuses to give it, just regard her as acking in honor and drop her. An interview should be sought by you to express your feelings in reference to the matter.

express your feelings in reference to the matter.

Horse. There are several modes of treating horses afflicted with the distemper now raging. The following is the recipe in use in the largest city stables: 8 ounces Belladona: 8 ounces castor oil; 3 ounces molasses; 9 ounces oil of tar; ginger enough to make all into a paste. Dose: one teaspoonful, placed at root of the tongue, three times a day. Rub chest and throat with mustard and hartshorn. Keep horse blanketed, and rub parts well that seem cold. If the nose does not "run" freely, steam the nose with vinegar vapor or smoke with old leather smudge. Let horse be used only sparingly, on recovery, for overwork will greatly injure.

MRS. VANCE. We suppose teachers' salaries in New York city are one-third higher than in the country, but as it costs more than one-third more to live in the city than elsewhere, teachers have harder work to get along. Stav where you are at \$350 per year rather than come East for \$500, is our ndvice. And, besides, promotion is far more certain in the smaller cities, or in the country towns where competition is so much less, and merit is more surely recognized.

Wallace W. It is estimated that in the United States there are 130.000 places licensed to sell spirituous liquors, and 390,000 persons employed in barrooms. If we add those who are employed in distilleries and wholesale liquor-shops we have 590,000 persons employed in making and distributing the "Devil's Broth." Against these feures there are, in all the United States and Territories, only about 150,000 ministers and teachers. A sad state of morals, trafty.

ELENOR H. To clean castor bottles, fill them more than half-full with rice and warm water, shake them well. This is the best way to remove pepper or vinegar sediment.

LUMBERMAN. Alburnum in plants is the light-colored wood just below the bark, and called by lumber merchants sapwood.

HENRIETTA P. M. Sacks for home wear in winter are very pretty and becoming. They are worn over black dresses, and are considered quite "stylish." HELEN JOHNSON. A very good method for cleaning kid gloves, is this: First clip your finger nails; put your gloves on your hands, buttoning them at the wrist; sponge them lightly with a strong solution of castile coap and warm water; then wipe them off lightly with warm milk, letting them tho-

oughly dry on the hands, ELLA MUNEO. To brush the feeth once a week with common salt and water whitens them without injurious effects.

ROBERT WALL. If you are out of doors much in he cold you will find that a vest made of silk, closeitting, and with sleeves, and worn next to your unlershirt will greatly protect your health and keep

F. A. For a weak back, try a beef's gall put in one pint of alcohol; bathe the weak spot frequently, rubbing briskly.

WIDE-AWAKE. You can generally get to sleep when you are wakeful at night, by the following method: Close your eyes and then turn them as far to the right as possible, then vice versa, then up and down, and by thus relling them around in their sockets, sleep will visit you within three minutes, certainly in five.

sockets, sleep will visit you within three minutes, certainly in five.

Young Mechanic. If you would lay up a small amount each week from your earnings you would find at the end of a year or so that you had saved a considerable sum. For instance, if you save but 2½ cents per day, it amounts to \$10 in a year, \$130 in ten years, and \$2,900 in fitty years. If you lay up 11 cents per day, it is in one year \$40, in ten years \$520, and in fifty years \$11,600. \$1.57 cents per day laid up, will save you in a year \$500, in ten years \$6.500, and in fifty years the enormous sum of \$145,000. Think of this, you clerks and mechanics, who place no value on your "small change." Why, the amount wasted on trifles, or on cigars, or on liquor, each year, if saved, would make the triflers and smokers and drinkers all rich men, in ten years' time! This is no idle statement but a solemn fact which ought to put our young men especially on their guard against "little vices."

CHARLES KEAN. "Oliver Yorke" was the name assumed by the editor of Frazer's Magazine when it was first published.

MARY ANN. You can make your own slippers and gaiters by purchasing a last and the implements sold at a "finding store." Rip up an old shoe; cut out and make your "uppers" like it, and sew on tips of patent leather. Wet your sole; tack it wrong side out to the last, in two or three places. Tack the middle of your upper to the middle of the instep of the last; have a borer or awl with a waxed end, and sew all round the shoe. When this has all been done, pound down the stitches with a hammer. Then turn the shoe, and put it on the last again, to give it a correct shape. Next day paste in a linen sole lining; or better, put in thin old soles. In this way one can make velvet, satin or kid slippers at a most triling cost which will do for parlor and house wear. The outrageous prices now charged for shoes, and the scandalous charges made by shoemakers for repairing worn boots or shoes should impel every woman in the land to learn this clever at of making and repairing her own housewear shoes.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear



WAITING.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIB.

Hyperion seeks his gorgeous fane,
Where air-bathed beauties teem,
As Luna floats from her cloud-girt home
In radiant twilight sheen.
The halo-vested hour is ours,
O'er glamoured hill and glade
Rare beauty lies, find now I wait
Beneath the linden's shade.

The rays athwart the breeze-rocked boughs,
Like gilded arrows shine;
The dewdrop prisons beams astray
To illumine her cavern shrine.
The wildering trysting hour draws near,
The glittering stars are set,
Like burning, scintillating gems
In night's blue coronet.

I've tarried long; the evening wanes;
Hushed is the night-bird's song;
My barge of Hope in its gala dress,
Adrift from my heart has gone.
A voiceless sadness fills the hour,
O'er shade-wrapped hill and glade
Dread silence reigns; I wait, in vain,
Beneath the linden's shade.

Cheating Destiny.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Upon my word, Volney Hale! Well. if any one man was needed to make the circle complete, you are the one. If ever hostess displayed commendable discrimination, it is our little Mrs. Grosvenor. Christ-mas festivities would lack their best flavor without the invaluable and ubiquitous

"Thanks, my dear Chesney. You quite over-estimate my importance, however. Mrs. Grosvenor and Elmgrove haven't much cause for gratulation through the latest arrival—what with items and squibs, editorials and ponderous reviews, scientific researches and sentimental literary dash-'em-offs, I'm quite played. Took advantage of the invitation simply to save myself a brain fever, and now the profoundest sense of obligation isn't going to tempt me to rouse into any sort of exertion for the two

"By Jove! you do look bad, Hale. Why don't you cut the concern—those sharks of publishers seem to think a man's vitality and powers of endurance have no limit, judging from your example. Out it all and save the 'immortal flame,' my dear fel-

"All very well, coming from you-born to a silver spoon and rosewood cradle. We can't all be fortune's favorite, you know. What do you imagine would become of me if it were not for the constant demands of those monarchs of the newspaper realm the editors? Quill-driving is apt to be a trifle more fatiguing than simply drawing dividends, but I dare say there are worse stations in life than being only a penny-a-liner. I can't grumble at the 'extras' I've got through in the last month for the sake of this breathing space."

Chesney gave his mustache an extra curl,

with a sympathetic glance at his friend.
"You know, if there's any gift of the gods less desirable than genius along with whew !--impecuniosity, I've never chanced across it. Your good-looking idiots, be they never so poverty-stricken, given a moderate degree of the commodity called 'cheek,' are sure to make lucky strikes. All due returns to the star which decreed that I should be born rich instead of clever. There, what do you say to that cut of my

My dear fellow, destiny rules us all, and I'm quite powerless to suggest any improvement after the course followed by your barber's scissors-barbarous though the fashion may be. No one ever knew the Beau Chesney to be any thing but perfect, but it strikes me you are laying yourself out to an unusually effective extent. Pray, what new inducement do you find here?

"With due honor to your penetrationhow can you ask? There's a whole galaxy of brilliant stars.'

'And a particular one; don't deny it,

man. There, I'll not press the point since my own eyes will assure me soon. Spare your confusion and the back of that hairbrush, you modest victim of Cupid's latest "Oh, dash that, Hale! I say, why don't

you cheat destiny after the approved fashion? There's a splendid chance in the house if you'll accept the suggestion heiress, just the style to take your fastidious fancy, and sure to take to you. Entre nous, shall I put in a good word for you?" "I couldn't wish a better recommenda

tion, but I'll consider first. I'm not enlightened regarding the company, and can't be deluded into contemplating a rash leap

"It comprises the rarest cullings of our own particular set, with important additions. Those in whom you and I propose to be especially interested are the cousins Leigh for one is rich, and one is proud, and you that I'm taken with pride and poverty, She's only a music-teacher, but she's an angel as well, and she'll be Mrs. Chesney before the season's out, if my persuasions will avail. I don't think I'm blessed with natural match-making propensities, but if you only would take a fancy to la belle cou-

"I'll probably be favored by a reminder that there's a wide difference between the heiress and the literary hack. Are you going down? I've no more than paid my respects to the presiding deity yet, and would rather not run the gantlet of a roomful by a late appearance."

Mrs. Grosvenor's rooms were especially inviting, aglow as they were with soft, bright tints and mellow lights, and Mrs. Grosvenor herself came forward, with

We're crowded to the very last corner, Mr. Hale, so I was obliged to room you two cronies together. I scarcely need to make an excuse, I presume; such a modern example of Damon and Pythias—I wonder that you exist at all when parted. Ah, here come all these people, impatient at having dinner put back half an hour. All friends well met except—our new acquisitions, Miss Leigh, Miss Lucetta Leigh, Mr. Hale. Mr. Chesney, Lucetta pairs off with you, I

Volney Hale found himself bowing before a stately blonde, then swept away with her upon his arm, toward the dining-

So this is the gentler mistress than Des tiny I'm urged to woo," he thought. Jove. Chesney was right-she's charming enough to please the most fastidious taste, but I'm not so sure of her impressibility. don't wonder at his infatuation-that little brownie is perfect in her way. Lucetta they call her-pretty name; how she does

Unconsciously his eyes wandered toward the dusky little Leigh oftener than they rested upon the statelier cousin as the evening progressed. He was taking a decided interest in the poor music-teacher, who had thrown the mesh of her enchantment about

"Perfect in her dazzling Gipsyish style," he thought. "How is it that the old song

goes-'My face is my fortune, sir, she said,' and according to my fancy the little Lucetta's is the best fortune of the two. The heir ess is too much after 'Maud' for my unequivocal liking—I'll take a heart along with my beauty if it pleases. Presumptuous of a Bohemian on mercenary thoughts intent to assert a preference, I dare say. Is that la pawere cousine at the piano?"

The poor cousin it was, and Hale listened in a trance, while a silence settled over the room as she played.

"Well done, wasn't it?" It was Chesney at his side, and Hale drew a deep breath as the volume of sound died away. "Well done?—she is an artist! The touch—the soul expressed—words fail

me."

"I didn't know you were such an enthusiast, Volney. Lucetta ought to excel—Ah, Mrs. Grosvenor!"

"What is this your friend has been telling me, Mr. Hale? That you don't feel able to take a part in the active amusements I've been planning? Indeed and indeed!—just be kind enough to tell me what I'm to do if you fail me. I've counted on you as an invaluable accessory. Charades, tableaux vivants, private theatricals—all will fall through unless you participate." fall through unless you participate."
"My dear madam, I'm exceedingly sor-

ry_"
"Ob, don't utter any apologies if you're determined to disappoint me. I've actually been plunging into Shakspeare, and fixed upon you as Romeo to Lucetta's Juliet. Your talent in the way of tragedy, and your tenor in our musical entertainments, are really indispensable, but if you won't—"

"My dear Mrs. Grosvenor, you quite overwhelm me with the enormity of proving myself remiss. I'll play Romeo, if you like, and give you the advantage of my tenor, but don't, I beg of you, throw me into charades and tableaux. If you but knew my aversion to the like"—plaintively—"and my absolute need of rest— There, I see you relent. Now do her Miss Lucatto. see, you relent. Now, do beg Miss Lucetta

to give us another song."

By an unsuspected maneuver of Chesney's, Miss Lucetta was willing to comply, with some masculine voice to support her and as Hale's musical ability was an acknowledged fact, along with a variety of other accomplishments which made him always a desirable acquisition-which, in fact, had gained him an entree into the circles where he moved so nonchalantly—he

was elected now to the duet.

And that duet was only the first of any number which was to follow with succeeding days. As they passed, Hale found himself thrown more and more into close companionship with I received. panionship with Lucetta. The rehearsals panionship with Lucetta. The rehearsals, hours of practice in the music-room, a harmony of tastes—a bond of sympathy discovered unconsciously, did the business. Time has a facility for slipping by with wonderful rapidity under such circumstances. The day came about when Mrs. Grosvenor's admirable household arrangements were thrown into chaos while a ments were thrown into chaos while suite of rooms became metamorphosed into a theater by the introduction of a stage, scenery, curtains and seats. tant evening which was to witness the display of amateur talent in various directions

A little group had assembled in the greenroom after inspecting the appointments. Chesney was discussing with Miss Leigh and Lucetta some last disputed detail of costume, Mrs. Grosvenor and one or two others were grouped at a little distance, while Hale stood back unnoticed, half con-

cealed by some falling drapery.
"Who carries off the Leigh, think you?" -some one spoke near him. Chesney was assured in that direction, but our new-fledged Romeo seems to follow his role beyond the limit of stage presenta-

"What's that you're hinting at-a rivalry between Damon and Pythias? My dear sir, if one of that pair of ancients gave up his life, our modern representative would surely emulate him by giving up his love for friendship's sake. But I fancied—"

The speaker's voice was lost in the dull

roar which filled Hale's ears. He slipped behind the curtain whose friendly folds had shadowed him and stared with unsee ng eyes out of the window it shrouded He had been drifting with the stream in these days past without considering whither it was carrying him. Was he, then, playing false to his friend? It was absurd of him, a poor Bohemian, to fall in love with a music-teacher. It was different with Chesney—he could afford to match his wealth against love and poverty. Why could he not have stuck to his own sphere and chosen the heiress? And la paurre cousine-would she hesitate to accept the one who should stoop from his high estate for love of her? Well, he would turn his back on them all to-morrow—not for a dozen heiresses would he remain in that

ouse and that company another day. But he did not leave on the morrow. He played Romeo with feverish adherence to the character until it came to the sleepingpotion scene, and then, when Romeo should have come to life, he was found to have fainted dead away. By the morrow the brain-fever which had threatened him

was having full sway. Three weeks after that he opened a pair of languid eyes to see Lucetta's face vanishing as if in a vision. Had he been dreaming, he wondered, all the time she had seemed hovering about him? He tried to turn his head, and, with the effort, lost

The next interval of consciousness showed Chesney at his side, looking a trifle haggard, as if by long watching, but beaming

joyfully. "Hurrah, Hale, old fellow, all right waste breath on me. again! There, don't waste breath on me. You'll want it all presently. You've been babbling in your delirium, and by Jove! I could scarcely wait to put you straight. How you ever got the idea! Congratulate ne; I'm to marry my music-teacher-no Lucetta, though. You're welcome to her and she to you, for all of me. Do make haste to get well and stand best man for

me a month from to-day."

Hale did that, and more. He cheated Destiny by wooing and winning the heiress

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XIII. A SECRET STAB.

Just four and twenty hours after the conversation detailed in our last chapter between Delia Embden and the "help," Mary Ann, Deacon Edmund Paxton sat in

his library, busy among his papers.

The deacon was a man of fifty—a tall. portly gentleman, with silver-gray hair and a round, fat face, fringed by luxuriant silver-gray side-whiskers. His eyes were dark-

blue in hue, large and clear.

The deacon's face was fat and clean, red and white in color—sure proof of good liv-ing and of freedom from cares in worldly matters; yet, the massive under jaw, the firm and square-set forehead and a certain shrewd look about the eyes, told that the jolly and comfort-loving deacon had a strong will of his own, and was fully able to cope with his fellow-men in the great

Edmund Paxton came of one of the oldest families in all New England. His ancestors had settled by the banks of the Saco when the powerful Tarrentines, the Penobscots and the Saco Indians ranged in their native freedom from the Salmon river to the

St. Croix. Old gossips told a legend how one of the Paxtons had once wedded a daughter of the great chief of the Saco tribe; how, in some mysterious way, the marriage had brought ruin and distraction to the red-men, and how the dying warriors, with their latest breath, had cursed the race of Paxton, and how the curse had clung to the family

even to the present time.

But, old gossips will talk, and simple stories will grow by constant repetition into the dignity of legends, which must be received without question

Few, however, could look upon the placid and good-humored face of Deacon Edmund Paxton, and believe that any age-descended curse shadowed his life.

The deacon had inherited quite an estate from his father, and by thrift and care had so increased it that he was accounted one of the richest men in the State, east of Port-

The arrival of the morning mail interrupted the deacon in his labors.

Three letters came; two of them in yellow envelopes bore the Boston post-mark.

The handwriting was familiar to him; one was from his lawyer, the other from the mill-agent located in Boston. But the third letter the deacon examined with curiosity. woman's hand, and disguised at that, too.

It was a dainty letter, strongly perfumed, and bore the Biddeford post-mark.

It was addressed simply, "Edmund Paxton, Esq., Saco, Maine."

"Humph, it looks like a love-letter," the deacon murmured. "If it had been addessed to Sinclair, now, I should not have wondered, but I am a little too old for that sort of thing; too much in the 'sere and yellow leaf.'"

Then the deacon opened the letter.

It was extremely brief and very much to It read as follows:

"A friend begs to inform Mr. Edmund Paxton that his son, Sinclair, has honored a young lady named Lydia Grame, a mill-girl, with his attentions so openly, that folks wonder when the marriage will take place."

And that was all; no signature was attached to it. It was written in a hand evidently disguised, but plainly written by a

The deacon read the letter over a second time, and pressed his lips together gravely. Then he opened and read the other two letters, which were purely on business matters as he had expected. These disposed of, he returned again to the mysterious

"A mill-girl, eh?" he muttered. "I wonder which mill; our mill, I suppose. Grame —Lydia Grame; a rather odd name," he said, reflectively. "I don't remember any family about here of that name; she is evidently a stranger, then. I can understand this letter on that supposition. It is writ-ten by some young lady of Biddeford or Saco who doesn't like to see Sinclair captivated by a stranger. I wonder if there is any truth in it; and then again, I wonder who the girl is? I'm going down to the mill this morning: it may be as well to inquire about this Miss Lydia Grame.'

The deacon turned once more to his papers: in twenty minutes he had finished. then he left the library and dressed himself for the street.

He proceeded at once to the mill. The superintendent, Anson White, Esq. was in his private office when the deacon

A half an hour was occupied upon business matters, when the deacon suddenly re-

"By the way, White, I suppose you know the names of all the mill-hands?"
"Yes, I think I do. I have always made it a point to know all about the hands. Got an idea, you know, that I can run the mill better," White replied. He was a shrewd, bustling Yankee from 'way-down-East, and

really a capital manager. Is there a girl in the mill named Grame -Lydia Grame, I believe?" "Yes," White answered, promptly been here about six months, if I remem-

"What sort of a girl is she?" the deacon asked, quietly, and with apparent uncon-

cern.
"Tall, with dark eyes, very ladylike indeed; she's above the average of mill-girls

very much of a lady."
"Is she a good hand?"
"Excellent! Hasn't missed a day I believe since she came to the mill. She's a very capable young woman. I took quite an interest in her when she first came, she

was so very quiet and ladylike."
"I've heard her spoken of, and from the description I fancy that I would like to see "That's easy enough if it's not too much

trouble for you to go up-stairs," White said, "Oh, no; although I am getting rather fat and old," the deacon said, good-humor-

edly, getting up from his chair.
"Well, deacon, you stand it pretty well," White replied.

"Yes, contrive to worry along. By the way, does Miss Grame stop in the mill boarding-house?" " No; she boards in Biddeford, at widow

Gardner's." Ah, indeed?" Then the two proceeded into the mill. Lydia worked in a room on the third

The superintendent and the deacon sauntered carelessly through the room, Mr. White explaining the working of some new machinery which had just been put in.

The two paused within twenty feet or so

of where Lydia was at work.

As they stood there in conversation,
White quietly indicated the girl.

"That's Miss Grame on the right—the
girl with dark hair in the striped calico."

"Pretty, isn't she?" the deacon said.

"Yes, and do you notice how ladylike she appears even in her common working-dress?"

"She looks very much like a lady; I

should think, though, that a girl of her attractions would be more inclined to dress herself up and play the fine lady than to stick steady to her work," the deacon said, thoughtfully.
"I haven't a better hand in the mill, deacon," White replied, decidedly. "I wish all

the rest were as good."
"Pretty nice girl, eh?"
"Yes, as far as my knowledge of her

The two walked on, the deacon taking a careful parting glance at Lydia,

They made the circuit of the room, then

eturned to the office. Hardly had the two got out of sight when the girl who worked next to Lydia came

'I wonder what he wanted up here," she said, with a sly glance at Lydia.

"Why the old gentleman with Mr. "To look at the machinery, I suppose,

Lydia answered, with perfect unconcern.

"He's been through the mill often enough; he knows all about the machinery," the girl said, with a toss of her head.

"I never saw him here before," Lydia re-"Why, don't you know who he is?" "The old gentleman, you mean?" Lydia asked, wondering at the question.

Yes, of course. "No, I do not know him; how should I?" she said, in some little astonishment. Lydia could not understand the drift of the girl's questions, nor why she should take any interest in the visit of the old gentle-

"Why, that was deacon Paxton, Sinclair Paxton's father."

Lydia gave just a little bit of a start. She had noticed that the old gentleman had looked at her very intently, but she had thought that he was only watching the process of her work. "That was Sinclair Paxton's father," the

girl repeated, a little disappointed that the news had produced so little impression upon Lydia. She had seen Lydia walking with Sinclair two nights before. "Ah, yes," Lydia said, affecting an air of

unconcern which she was far from feeling. "It is strange that the deacon should take the trouble to come up here; one would think that he wanted to see some-body," and with this parting shot the young lady returned to her work, and Lydia put

the question to herself: "Did his father come to see me?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEACON'S VISIT THE day's work was over, and Lydia sat in the little parlor of her boarding-house. She had laid aside her working-dress and was attired in a fleecy muslin, very plain and very neat. A little knot of flamecolored ribbon at the neck was the sole or-

Ever since the discovery that the old gentleman who had bestowed such a sharp plance upon her was Sinclair's father, she had thought of nothing else. A dozen times she had put the question

Something within whispered her that he From the remarks of the girl who nad called her attention to Deacon Paxton, it was plainly apparent to her that the in-timacy existing between herself and Sinclair had been noticed and commented up-on. This did not astonish Lydia in the east, for she had learned long before that the good folks of Biddeford and Saco dearly loved to gossip. And that the wealthy Sinclair Paxton, the treasurer of the mill, should be paying attentions to one of the mill-hands, a poor girl depending upon her labor for support, was quite sufficient to

create considerable talk. The gloom of the twilight was slowly descending. Lydia was listlessly gazing out of the window into the little garden, watching a half-blown rose as it swayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze when she was suddenly startled by hearing ner name pronounced and by a voice

She looked up, and by the garden gate stood the old gentleman she had seen in the mill that morning, Deacon Edmund

"Miss Grame, I believe?" the deacon had said, in his bland, smooth way.
"Yes," the girl replied, startled at the

Excuse my coming in, but I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you," and the deacon opened the gate and idvanced up the pathway toward the

Lydia's suspicions were now confirmed; the old gentleman had come to the mill that morning to see her. Almost bewildered, and guessing vaguely

at the reason of the unexpected visit, Lydia hastened to open the front door and admit He walked at once into the parlor.
"You see, Miss Grame, I make myself perfectly at home," he said, smilingly, as

ne seated himself in the rocking-chair. I am sure that you are quite welcome, sir," the girl hastened to say.
"Be seated, my dear; I have come to have quite a long conversation with you,"

Silently the girl complied "I saw you this morning in the mill," he began. "I suppose, though, that I ought to begin by introducing myself, as I am a stranger to you. My name is Paxton, Edmund Paxton; the name is probably familiar to you; my son, Sinclair, is the treasurer of the mill where you are employed."

the deacon said, in a fatherly way.

"Yes, sir, I am acquainted with him," Lydia said, slowly.

Although the manner of the deacon was extremely cordial, yet the girl felt a painful apprehension that the nature of his er-

rand was unpleasant.

"Ah—yes; by the way, Miss Grame, your name is not familiar to me; are you a native of the State of Maine?"

"No, sir; I was born in Virginia."

"Ah, a Southerner, eh? Well, how do you like New England? Does it agree with you?"

"Oh yes: I am yery happy and con-

"Oh, yes; I am very happy and contented here," she answered.
"I'm glad of that; I always like to have every one happy. I presume, then, that you have no relatives here?"

"I trust you won't think my questions impertinent?" the deacon said, very blandly.

"Oh, no, sir." "It is our good old New England fashion, you know, for the folks to call upon all strangers who honor their neighborhood with a visit, and as I had an idea that you were a stranger among us I thought that it was my duty to call upon you. I'm aware that the custom is getting out of fashion now. We're all so taken up in our hurry to get rich that we are forgetting the sim-ple manners and kindly habits of our fore-

fathers. Are your parents living, Miss Grame?"

"No, sir."
"All alone in the world, eh?"
"Yes; I haven't even a living relative
that I know of," the girl said, sadky.
"Bless me, that's very bad indeed—a
young girl like you and no relatives to
guide or counsel?"
"Nore."

"Well, well," the deacon said, reflectively. "I'm very glad, my dear, that I called upon you. While you remain with us you must look upon me as a friend.

Any time that you need counsel or assistance, come to me, and you shall certainly Tears sparkled in the dark eyes of the girl at the friendly words of Deacon Pax-

He, watching her narrowly, while pre-tending not to do so, saw the evidence of emotion, though she hastily turned aside her head and brushed the tears away.

The deacon was rather pleased with the effects of his words.
"I am sure that you are very kind," the girl said, her voice trembling with emotion, despite her efforts to appear com-

"Well, my child, how do people treat you up here? Do you get along pretty well, eh?"
"Yes, sir; every one is very kind to

'Mr. White speaks of you very highly indeed."
"I have tried very hard to give satisfac-

tion," she said, earnestly.
"He tells me that you are a great

"I do the best I can, sir," was the modest reply.
"I suppose you have some bright 'chateau en Espagne' before you—some dream of a cosy home and a husband's love to cheer you up when your fingers get tired and your back weary?" the deacon said, care-

lessly, but he kept his eyes intently fixed on the face of the girl. A little bright spot of color came into the white cheeks as the words fell upon her ears, and she hesitated a moment before

"No, sir," she said, slowly.
"What! Is it possible that a young lady as pretty and attractive as yourself doesn't think of marrying and of settling make him think that his home is an earthly

paradise? 'I do not think of marrying, sir," she said, with downcast eyes and the tinge of color glowing brightly in her smooth

"By the way, Miss Grame, have you any enemies in Biddeford?" the deacon asked, Lydia looked astonished at the ques-

'None that I am aware of, sir," she re-"I asked because I received a note this morning which evidently didn't come from any friend of yours. Read it," and the deacon handed Lydia the brief note written

in the disguised hand. The face of the girl flushed up red as fire as she read the communication.
"You see that doesn't come from any

friend of yours," the deacon said, meaningly.
"I will not deny, sir, that I know your son—that he sometimes visits me, and that we have walked out together; but is a falsehood. I hope you believe me, sir?" and Lydia looked earnestly into the

"My dear, don't run on so fast," the old gentleman said, good-humoredly, as he took back the note. "I haven't come to put you on the rack and cross-question you in regard to your intimacy with my son. Of course it was only natural, when I received this delicate warning, that I ahould wish to see what sort of a person Miss Lydia Grame was. That is the reason why I have taken the liberty to call upon you and make your acquaintance this

But you do not believe that the warning is true, sir?" Lydia asked, anxiously.
"My dear, it doesn't make any difference to me whether it is so or not. you to say either yes or no. If my son has chosen to fall in love with you, all that I have to say is that he has shown himself

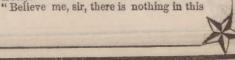
possessed of remarkably good taste."
"Then if your son should like me, he would not incur your displeasure by so doing?" Lydia asked, blushing just a little at the complimentary speech of the deacon.

"He is old enough, my dear, to both think and act for himself, and I should be

the last person in the world to interfere in my advice; then I should give it to him, more as a friend than a father. Of course I should naturally ask some few questions as to who and what his intended bride was, her family, etc.; which could be easily an-

The color faded from Lydia's face, and she seemed confused. The deacon did not fail to notice the change.

"I'll bid you good-evening, my dear, now," he said, rising and taking his hat from the table. "Remember, if you need any advice, come to me and you shall have



report," she said, anxiously; "at least, not

"If my son loves you, and you would make him a good wife—which from what little I know of you, looks probable—I trust that there may be some little love on your side, one of these days. Good-night," and the deacon departed, leaving Lydia a prey to conflicting emotions.

"But I do not love him!" she exclaimed,

standing by the door, gazing out into the dusk of the twilight, and communing with herself. "I feel sure that I do not love him, and yet he is so worthy to be loved!"

Vad of cold and CHAPTER XV. THE ADVENTURER AGAIN.

LYDIA stood by the doorway like one in a trance, her eyes were fixed upon the ground and rapidly the busy thoughts flashed across

"He is so worthy to be loved," she repeated, slowly, "and yet I am sure I do not love him. Oh, there isn't any one in this world who could guess how strangely fascinating he is, and yet—I feel that I do not love him. But will the time eyer come when I shall love him? No, no, no!" she cried, hurriedly; "I must not think of that; I must not even dream of such happiness being in store for me. I must be on my guard against him, or some day I may wake to the knowledge that I do love him, and then there will be nothing but misery for me hereafter in this world. It must not—it shall not be!" and the girl shut her white teeth firmly together, and over her face came a hard and cruel look. For the moment she looked ten years older.

"Ah, Lydia, enjoying the breezes of the night?" said a well-known voice. The speaker had approached so softly that the girl, deep in thought, had not heard his

footsteps.

Lydia's face plainly showed the pain she felt, for the speaker was Daisy Brick. felt, for the speaker was Daisy Brick.

Brick opened the gate and came into the garden. Lydia had not moved, but stood like a statue in the doorway.

What a deuced strange girl you are!" Daisy exclaimed, as he came up to her. You don't even say 'How d'ye do' to a

"Why have you come here again?" demanded the girl, suddenly, and her eyes glared, and the big veins in her white temples swelled out like knotted cords 'Are you going crazy ?" demanded Brick,

in astonishment. "Why have you come here again?" re-peated the girl, her voice forced and un-

"To see you, of course, since you insist upon an answer," he replied. Will you never leave me in peace?" the girl, exclaimed, despair plainly written on her white face.
"Who the deuce wants to disturb you?"

ejaculated Brick, disdainfully. "It's a great pity, I think, if I can't come and have a quiet chat with you once in awhile, without your kicking up such a row about it." "What do you want now?" the girl ask ed, plaintively.

Don't want any thing in particular,'

Brick replied, shortly.

"I can't give you any more money—"

"Wait till I ask you for it," he interrupted, quickly.

"Oh, go away!" she exclaimed. "Shan't do any thing of the sort, and don't you be a fool. I don't intend to do you any harm. You'll see before long that I'm the best friend you ever had." You a friend?" Lydia exclaimed, in a

tone of withering contempt.

Even the redoubtable Daisy winced at it. He was not utterly without feeling.

"See here, don't you be so confounded sarcastic!" he exclaimed. "You cut right through a fellow with that icy tone of yours, just like a north-east wind. Why Lydia you make me feel quite uncomfortable you don't say much, but your manner sug gests a good deal, and I am so quick of ap prehension, that, really, I would greatly prefer that you should speak in a more plea-

"I don't wish to see you at all," she ex-claimed, quickly. "You know very well that your presence brings nothing but pain

Lydia, my charmer, it's our duty in this life of ours, to bear pain sometimes," he said, lightly; "but you take such a wrong idea of this matter. You are here all alone, a stranger among strangers; so am I. Being old acquaintances, it is only natural that we should come together-for mutual advice and counsel, say, And from what I have heard from the village gossips, I rather think that you will need the advice of a cool, clear-headed friend before long."

Daisy's manner implied a great deal more than his words. "What have you heard?" Lydia demanded, suddenly, the vivid scarlet spots burn-

ing in her cheeks.
"That a certain gentleman is very much in love with you, and that you are very much in love with him, and the first letter of his name is Sinclair," Brick exclaimed,

I can not keep people from talking," Lydia said, slowly.
"Who wants you to?" Brick cried, in amazement. "Let'em talk—does'em good. Now, my dear, I've come to give you some good advice; so let us go into the house

where we can sit down and talk quietly and I do not want your advice!" the girl

"But you must have it, my dear high-spirited angel," Brick replied, placidly. "Come!" And he mounted the step and attempted to place his arm around the girl's waist, but she shrunk from him as though

there was death in his touch.
"Oh, I ain't a snake!" Brick exclaimed, rather out of temper. "I'm not going to bite you; you needn't jump as though your precious life was in danger,"

"I can not bear to have you touch me," she said, in a tone of aversion.

"Oh, indeed! Well, now, I never should have guessed that, if you hadn't said so!" Brick exclaimed, with profound sarcasm.

Then, a little out of humor, he walked into the parlor, and Lydia followed slowly. Brick took possession of the rockingchair, with an air of intense satisfaction. They may say what they like about New England: the people down here know how to live and enjoy life," he exclaimed, in a confident tone. "I've made up my

mind to stop in these parts for some little time, and so I hunted up a boarding-house, and what the old woman who keeps it, Mrs. Sparks, don't know about cooking, ain't worth knowing.

heart sunk within her at his words. She had tried to forget him and succeeded in getting within two hundred

his visit, and had fondly imagined that she

would not be haunted by his presence.

"By the way, Lydia, my dear, you may as well light a lamp, if there is one in the room; I hate to talk in the dark," he said. Lydia did not reply, but lit the lamp, which stood on the mantelpiece.

"And, now, sit down, my dear," Brick continued—the girl was leaning on the mantelpiece—"it looks so awkward to see you standing there.'

She went quietly, and seated herself in the nearest chair.

"There, that's better!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. "Now we can have a cosy chat together. A moment since you wounded me greatly. You insinuated that I had come to get some money from you. My dear Lydia, how could you wrong me so?" and Daisy shook his head, mournfully. "True, I did borrow a small sum from you on the occasion of my last visit, but, as I explained to you at the time, I was under a cloud; that cloud has now lifted. I am now in business on my own account, thanks to the loan re-

Lydia looked a little bewildered; during her acquaintance with Daisy Brick, she had never known him to exhibit any business

qualifications whatever.
"By the way, if any one should happen to see me in conversation with you at any time, my name might be asked. I am known here as Daisy Brick. I am not sailing under false colors at present, for, odd as it may appear to you, that peculiar ap-pellation is really my name."

"What can it possibly matter to me?" Lydia said, with an air of weariness. "Oh, nothing, of course, for I suppose that the feelings which once animated your breast for Lord Alfred Vere de Vere are

dead and gone?" Can you ask that question?" the girl

said, slowly.
"There was hardly a need of it, but still it is as well that we should understand each When first we became acquainted you were under the impression that I was an English lord, of high descent and of unlimited wealth; now the truth is that I was born in a poor-house—a pauper by birth, and a thief by breeding. You once had an idea that I was going to bestow on you an unlimited amount of wealth. That idea proved to be a delusion only, but, now, I doubt not that you will look upon me with amazement, when I tell you that I have a scheme in my head which will make your fortune. You are poor, and work hard all day long in a dingy mill for just about enough to live on. You shall be rich, ride in your carriage, enjoy all that wealth can

Do you ever read the Bible?" asked the girl, suddenly.

Daisy looked thoroughly astonished at

"Well, I can't say that I do read it much, now," he replied. "But what has that to do with us, I should like to know?" One passage reads, 'get thee behind me,

Daisy winced, for the shot struck home. "You are extremely complimentary, my dear," he said, a little annoyed.
"Only the truth."

"The truth should not be spoken at all

"An evil saying used by evil men for bad purposes!" she exclaimed, "You think, then, that, like the Prince of Darkness, I am promising what I can not perform, when I tell you that I can give you wealth? You see I do remember something of the Book."

"You may be able to do what you say, but I fear that the price will be a terrible 'Oh, no; it will be extremely cheap

only to marry the man you love. Lydia looked at him with a piercing (To be continued-commenced in No. 140.)

Death-Notch, the Destroyer; THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV. A BUFFALO-CHASE.

THE day was two-thirds gone. The sky was clear and the sun shone hot and sultry The great Nebraska plain lay glimmering with waves of heat, as though an internal

fire was burning beneath its surface.

A herd of buffalo along a small stream that found its way into the Platte river, was the only living object to be seen upon that olain. The shaggy beasts were panting with heat. Some were wallowing in the creek, others lolling beneath a fringe of willows, while others still were rummaging about in the tall grass with restless impatience. They seemed to rest in perfect security, for not even a skulking coyote was to be seen.

Far away upon the crest of a prairie wave, however, a pair of black eyes were eagerly watching them. They were the eyes of an Indian warrior. But, why should he be watching the buffalo?

He kept his black, covetous eyes upon them for several minutes, and when he had assured himself that they had not detected his presence, he turned and crawled away through the grass, and when the crest of the hill concealed him from view of the buffalo, he arose to his feet and continued a few paces further on, when he came in sight of a band of mounted warriors drawn up in line in the valley below.

With his hand the Indian motioned to them, whereupon the whole party, numbering some thirty, galloped up the hill and drew rein before their scout.

The latter quickly communicated to them the position of the buffalo, and the way by which they might be approached as near as possible, without giving the alarm.

The savages were not all red-men. There

were whites and half-breeds in the party, but they were no less savage and brutallooking than their companions. They were all well-mounted, and their trappings showed that they were a hunting-party. carried rifles, others lances, and a few carried lassoes of raw-hide.

No sooner had the scout given the situation of the herd, than the whole band moved cautiously around the hill, thereby availing themselves of every possible screen that would enable them to approach nearer the buffalo without being seen. As they were to the leeward of the herd, they arousing his companions from their noon-

Then forth from the cool shade of the willows and the water, the buffalo went pouring in one continual stream, their hoofstrokes sounding like the sullen roar of thunder. For fully a mile along the creek the huge, shaggy beasts came charging out from among the willows with a snort and bellow, and swept away over the plain like a mighty wave, rising and falling with the

undulations of the great prairie.

With whoop and yell the savages gave pursuit, pressing their animals forward at the top of their speed.

For over a mile the chase continued with but little advantage to the pursuers, for upon such a hot, sultry plain it was impossible for either man or beast to exert themselves to their utmost for a great length of time. And among those thousands of shaggy forms it was impossible for the weaker ones to hold out with the stronger and soon the pursuers saw that stragglers were falling in the rear. There were both cows and calves among the lagging, but the latter were the most desirable of all for food. The savages pressed on, and two or three

fine fat calves were soon secured, but it was a grand hunt, and not until darkness fell would the race close. The herd spread out over the plain with front of a mile, and as the shadows of

evening came on and the air grew more vibrant, the pounding of the hoofs on the plain fairly shook it to its center. Still the hunters pressed on. One by one the herd fell. The trail lay strewn with carcasses; some had been shot and others impaled with lances. The chase

once over, the hunters will go back and secure the most desirable of them. The shadows of evening begin to fall, Twilight deepens into darkness. Still the chase goes on, but, one by one the savages have dropped off, until there are but three or four now in pursuit. One of these is a white man-a large, burly fellow of giant strength. He carries a heavy lasso in his hand, and his eyes are set upon a fine young bull. He has been watching it for some

time with the intention of lassoing it. In their headlong flight the beasts dash through a marshy slough, and the feet of those before trample it into such a mire that a number of the stragglers were

Here the white renegade was successful. The object of his eye sunk partly in the nire, and before it could extricate itself, the fatal noose had encircled its neck. He hen learned, for the first time, that it had been the object of two or three of his companions, who rushed up to claim it. But. he renegade's claim was undeniable, and he forbade his friends slaying it. It was is, and he then and there avowed his intention of leading it back to the camp alive, as a witness of his skill with the lasso.

This was something new as well as novel, and his companions assisted him to secure the young beast while it was still tangled in the meshes of the rope and the mire.

At this juncture a new party of savages nade its appearance, coming from the east. There were about a dozen of them, and friends of the hunters. In their midst was white prisoner. It was Old Shadow.

An understanding was at once had between the two parties. Many and dark were the scowls of hatred cast at the old hunter, and a murmur of vengeance was upon every lip.

After some further consultation, one of the late party of savages arose to his feet great eloquence. Old Shadow was the subect of his speech, and he proved to be the dentical savage that the Avengers had bound upon the back of the horse in the defile of the Iowa bluffs. He recognized Old Shadow as the author of that perilous ride, and called the attention of his friends to his arms and legs, where the thongs had bruised and cut the flesh.

A howl of vengeance burst from the crowd as he concluded his speech, for he was a warrior of no little distinction, and was regarded as the most daring and skillful horseman in the whole tribe.

'Let Swift-Rider say what shall be done with the pale-face villain," said one of the hunting-party. "Let him be punished by the plan his

own brain invented to torture me," replied Swift-Rider, glancing at the young buffalo struggling in his bonds.

A cry of approbation burst from every

lip. Even the voice of him was con-buffalo acquiesced in the punishment. "Dod durn yer red pictures!" Old Shadow indimently, "yer a pack o'

exclaimed, indignantly, "yer a pack o' wranglin', maw-mouthed dogs and cowardly I can lick the hull caboodle o' ve and not ha'f try."

Two or three savages seized him and dragged him rudely toward the buffalo, at the same time uttering terrible threats, in which "scalp-knife" sounded the most ominous to the hunter.
"Wal," he said, "who keers what ye do,

ye blubber-heads. Ye needn't make so much noise about a little thing as this." A blow warned him to keep silent, which he managed to do, but it was more trying to him than the idea of being bound upor the buffalo's back.

He was dragged into the slough and thrown rudely across the animal's back face upward, and his head resting near the east's shoulders His arms were drawn backward in a

painful position and firmly lashed with a strong lasso. His legs were bound in a similar manner; then a rope was passed over his breast and around the beast, thus doubly securing him.

After adding a few triumphant taunts and jeers to their cruel work, the ropes that held the young buffalo a captive were severed; then the beast's haunches and sides were pricked with the keen points of knives, and smarting with this inhuman treatment, it struggled to its feet and plunged furiously forward with a bellow of pain and fear.

A few desperate lunges carried it from the slough onto solid ground. Here, by mad cavorting and leaps, it tried to dislodge its rider, but in vain.

A yell of savage triumph burst from the lips of the red-skins, and filled the animal with affright. The next instant it was thundering at a breakneck speed over the prairie, with its helpless human burden.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the old hunter, "this is a leetle more than I keer about. I'm afraid, Ole Shader, this'll set ye up. But better this way than in the hands o' them variets. Ya-h, buffler!

Indians, who tends every reason to believe held Sylveen and Vida captives.

Fred Travis and Death-Notch rode in the rear of the main body. They did not enter into the excitement of their adventures with the same freedom as their companions.

yards of them, when an old bull detected their presence, and with a snort, he dashed along down the creek with a low bellow, shader like me—ya-h, buffler, for God's

But the terrified beast was unconscious of his entreaties for mercy, and with new terror at sound of his voice, it sped on and

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FEARFUL CHASE

For a moment the Avengers hesitated, filled with no little surprise and fear. That deep, thunderous noise rolled nearer and nearer, and not until they had heard a savage yell did they discover it was a mighty herd of buffalo being pursued by dusky hunters.

"It is buffalo, boys," said Ralph St. Le-er, "and I am afraid we are directly in

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Omaha, "there are many buffalo coming, but they will pass us to the west. We are in no dan-

This assertion was found to be correct. The vast herd swept close past them and on away into the darkness that hovered over the great plain.

The prairie fire by this time was coming down rapidly on their left, and blinding volumes of smoke were settling over the plain. No time was to be lost, and so the

Avengers swept sharply on.

An hour or more had passed, when suddenly a cry from Omaha's lips brought the party to a stand. The Friendly pointed away to the right, where the faint, phosphorescent glimmer of water could just be

The party at once headed toward it, and soon found themselves on the bank of what is known in the language of the prairie as a buffalo-wallow. It was a large cir-cular spot, half an acre in extent, and sunk several feet below the level of the plain. At one time it had been full of water, but the hot suns and dry winds had evaporated it until there was but a small pond left in

the center of the basin. This wallow would afford them an admirable retreat from the prairie fire for themselves and animals, and so they at once entered it and rode down as close to the water as possible.

Dismounting, they watered their wearied ponies, then picketed them within the "wallow" by means prepared by their former owners.

They now ascended from the basin to its edge to see what progress the prairie fire was making. It was still over a quarter of a mile away, but a slight breeze was rising and carrying it along quite rapidly. Nothing could be seen of their late foes.

All was silence and gloom save where the fire stretched its lurid length across the For several minutes the Avengers stood

and gazed in silence upon the fire that came steadily on until it was less than a hundred yards from them. Then they turned to retrace their footsteps to the center of the basin, but, at this juncture, a sound broke forth on the stillness of the They stopped and listened. To their ears came a human cry, mingled with the

pounding of hoofs upon the plain.

The Avengers seemed rooted to the spot. They listened with blank amazement stamped upon their faces.

Again that human cry wailed out upon the night-air. The ponies in the wallow pricked up their ears and sniffed the air with affright. "By Heaven! some one is perishing in the flames!" exclaimed Fred Travis, 3x-

"Hark! I hear hoof-strokes," added St.

Leger.
He had scarcely spoken, when, forth from the darkness into the light of the burning prairie, rushed a fearful sight. It was a black, shaggy mass—a beast whose hoofed feet beat loudly upon the plain. It was a solitary buffalo. His eyes were glowing like coals of fire, his nostrils were dilated with terror, his tongue was flanks and was flying in flakes from his side. He was mad. He rushed between the Avengers and the fire, He was not over twenty paces from them. They could see the terrible expression of his eyes, an upon his back they saw a human form. They could see it was bound there, and they could see the cords that held it. The light of the burning prairie flared across the upturned face. It was haggard and rendered ghastly in the glare of the flames, yet they recognized it. It was the face of their dear friend, Old Shadow!

"To horse, boys!" cried Death-Notch:
"it is Old Shadow! To the rescue!" Not a word was added. Each man flew to his horse, and in a moment was mounted and in hot pursuit of the buffalo

and its helpless rider Far over the plain, deep into the laby-rinths of darkness, pressed the Avengers, close upon the heels of the maddened buf-

The prairie fire was left far behind. Only a red glow in the heavens could be seen; and only the moving shadow before them guided the Avengers in their pursuit. It was a wild, fearful midnight chase.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

It was daylight, and the morning sun shone from a cloudless sky, bathing the great plains of Nebraska in its golden raliance. A clump of cottonwoods on the banks of the Platte river, which found its way across the plain with the sinuosity of a serpent, was the only object that broke he sameness of that prairie ocean. But, as the morning advanced, a little party of horsemen appeared upon the plain from that clump of cottonwoods, and heading toward the north-west, rode away at a slow

They were white men, and ten in number. They were the Avengers. In their midst was Old Shadow. He was well and unharmed, and, though somewhat bruised and sore, was as full of life and jollity as

He had been rescued from the buffalo's back by his friends, after a long and painful chase; and now he spoke of the adventure as one of the most perilous of his life on the prairie.

The party was following the trail of the Indians, who it had every reason to be-lieve held Sylveen and Vida captives. rear of the main body. They did not enter

The sweet, fair face of Vida-innocent and child-like in her purity of heart and mind—was ever appealing to the heart of young Travis in captivity and suffering. While to Death-Notch, fear, anxiety and suspense were two-fold, because he had both Vida and Sylveen to share his affections and love. tions and love. Not one of the Avengers, besides Fred

and Omaha, ever mistrusted Ralph St. Leger of being Death-Notch. Fred had kept the fact a secret from his friends by Ralph's request. In the mean time he had preserved a close watch upon the youth's movements. At times he saw he acted a little strange, but Ralph seemed to be able to control that demon of madness that at times took entire possession of him.
"I have great hopes," said Death-Notch

to Fred, as they journeyed on, "that we will come up with the main column of savages soon. At the further extremity of savages soon. At the influer extremity of this prairie a range of wooded hills sets in, and in among them I believe the Indians will pitch their lodges."

"In case they do," responded Fred, "it will make our chances of rescuing our friends all the more difficult, will it not?"

"True Fred, "but when we find our

"True, Fred; "but, when we find our friends are alive and captives, we will have time to calculate our chances of rescuing them. There will be some way to effect their release. If not by stratagem, perhaps we can make a charge into their camp, and then, if we fail," and a smile played about Ralph's lips, "perhaps Death-Notch will

make his appearance, and help us out."
Fred almost shuddered, but managed to conceal his emotions from Ralph, and said: "Do you feel as if you were going to have one of your attacks?"

Ralph laughed in a low, pleasant tone. "Not in the least," he said. "It is no mental debility, Fred, but just the result of an ungovernable passion—an exciting mind and revengeful spirit. You have no doubt seen men laboring under the same spells as I do at times. You have seen them become irritated, and let their passion run away with their judgment, and, while under these fits of madness, they will do things—even commit murder—for they have no control over their actions. This is my case exactly, though I can excite myself into these passions when I try. Yet it takes no effort of my own to make me mad with revenge when I see before me one of those accursed savages that slew my friends."

"Your hatred of them must be very bitter," said Francis. "It is, Fred; so much so that I would like to exterminate the whole Sioux race. But I must break myself of this vindictive spirit of revenge and ungovernable passion, or I will never be worthy of the love of Sylveen Gray. But, I never told you why I hate the Sioux so. A few years ago my father was a rich planter in the South, and had a happy, pleasant home. There were three children of us, two girls and a boy. We had received a very liberal education, when father took the "northern fever," and concluded to try his fortune on the rich prairies of the North-west. He came up to look at the country, and made known his intention to the few whites he met in the territory. He was encouraged in his intentions by a young man, then a resident of the country, and not only did he extol the advantages of the land, but pointed out to father a beautiful location. But father objected to this on the grounds of its being too near the Indians. To set aside all fears from this source, he took father to the head chief, from whom he received a promise of everlasting friendship. Father came north upon these assurances. He had a large amount of money and stock, which, of course, he brought with him, but no sooner led by the very white man who had en-couraged father's emigration West, attacked our home. Father was slain defending his family. Mother, sisters Olive and Vida and myself were taken captives. Olive was a young woman then, but Vida was a little girl. For a long, long time we were kept prisoners, and during that time tongue can not express the hellish torture to which mother and Olive were subjected. The meanest slaves of the South were never treated as they were. Day by day they were made to toil their lives away, and I was a witness of it all. But death finally ended their suffering, and, as I gazed down upon their cold, emaciated faces, expressionless in death, then, Travis, I took that oath that made me Death-Notch, and I believe Heaven justified my course. How-ever, it was a long time before I escaped with Vida from the Indians' stronghold, but when I did, I began my work, and from then dates the working of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter. In the mean time

I never went to Stony Cliff. But, now, I feel as though I should give up the life I have been leading, not only for my own sake, but the sake of those who love me."

"Yours has been a hard fate, Ralph, as well as singular," replied Fred; "but I have recession to endergor. hope you will have no occasion to endanger your life again, and that fate has something better in the future for you than it has had in the past."

I met Sylveen Gray and loved her. My

ove being returned, we met often, though

I hope so, too, Fred, but, whenever and wherever I meet that treacherous white villain that betrayed my father to the Indians, He deserves to, Ralph, if he has not

met his just dues ere this.' "No, he has not, unless it has been lately; but what is up now? I see Omaha has dismounted, and is examining the trail." The two rode up. They found the red scout was examining the trail to ascertain how recently it had been made.

What do you make of it, Omaha?" ask-'It has been made since the dew was on the grass," replied Omaha.
"Then we must be close on the heels o' the sneakin' varlets," said Old Shadow; "so let's spur up, boys, and git along a leetle faster, for I want to git to liftin h'ar, so I

"Take it easy, Shadow," said young Car-r; "we'll catch up with them soon en-

The party rode on until they struck the range of hills spoken of by Ralph, about sunset. Here they encamped, and on the following morning scouts were thrown out.

They soon returned with the surprising information that Inkpaducah and his tribe had pitched their lodges in a deep valley, about two miles away. This decided the future course of the Avengers, and they at once moved to a place of concealment, covering their trail as best they could. Remaining hidden until darkness again set in, the whole party then set off toward the Indian village, guided by Omaha.

From a commanding point they were enabled to see into the new town, that was lighted up with numerous glowing camp-

The location was a good one, affording many natural defenses. A high escarpment of rugged hills encircled it on three sides, cutting off approach from these points.
On the fourth side the river guarded the

approach to the valley, yet there were narrow passages between the river and hills, giving access to the valley. But these passages the wily old chief had doubly guarded, and he rested under the self-assurance that he had at last found a retreat in which he need have no fears of an enemy, how-

The almost impregnable situation of the village impressed itself upon the minds of the Avengers, and filled them with a feeling

Hundreds of camp-fires showed them the interior of the camp. Warriors were stalking about as if to familiarize themselves with their new village; children played in groups here and there, while the squaws—the slaves of the wreat warriors. the slaves of the great warriors—were busy with their usual drudgery.

The Avengers strained their eyes for a sight of their captive friends. They saw nothing but a few white men, and these they knew were renegades, for they enjoyed all the liberties of the camp. "I see no captives, nor chance for us,

boys," said Amos Meredith. There must be a chance for us," replied Ralph St. Leger; "we must make a chance, if our friends we find are prisoners in that encampment. If they are, we must release them at all hazards; but if they are not, and have been slain, I shudder to think what will follow at my hands."

And ours, too," said several of the

The little band continued its reconnoisance for some time, then they returned to the place where they had left their horses. Here they spent the remainder of the night, and on the following morning began a detour around the village to find an entrance to the valley.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 136.)

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY, (MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XVI. - Grasses of the Prairies. - A Good Grazing Country.—Birds of the Rocky Mountains.— Timber.—Mineral Wealth.—The Pimo Indians.— Their Reservatiou.—Two Crops a Year.— Population.—Pimo Customs.—Pi Ute or Digger Indians.—Are they human?—Poison Arrows.—

On the west side of the Arkansas river, and between it and the Rocky Mountains, there are three distinct species of grass found. The first is the short, curly variety, called buffalo grass, from the fact that they are particularly fond of it. The second kind is the grama grass, which is, I believe, indigenous to only this section of America. Its stalk grows about one foot in hight, and near the top it gives off, at right angles another stem, which is usually from one and a half to three inches in length. From this stem hang clusters of seeds, which are well protected by a hard, shell-like covering. It is said, and my own observation confirms the fact, that horses will leave grain, such as corn and oats, to feed on this grass; and it is possessed of wonderful nutritious qualities. Wild oats and peas abound in the mountain valleys. Along the low, swampy lands which skirt the rivers of the plains, there is yet another species of grass which often grows several feet in hight, and has a broad leaf similar to that of the

flag so common in Eastern States.
On approaching the mountains the blue grass is found which is of the same variety as that found, in Kentucky and nearly all the Western States. The bunch grass, so common on the northern plains, and about the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers sometimes met with in the valleys of New Mexico, where it grows to an immense hight; but in the low lands it is so rank as to be utterly useless, being too tough for animals to eat. Strangers, when journeying in these parts, often make the mistake of selecting camps in this tall grass, being deceived by its thrifty appearance; but one night thus spent will usually satisfy them

of its value On the plains of the South-west there are On the plains of the South-west there are but few wild-flowers; but, as you approach the mountains, they greet the eye in extensive beds, and, like "Joseph's coat," are of many colors. As a grazing country, the Rocky Mountains can not be surpassed. The timber here is poor in quality, and comprises pine, cedar and cottonwood, with occasional patches of scrub-oak bushes. Most of the rivers in the mountains are formed from melting snows and springs. formed from melting snows and springs, and they come tumbling down through gorges and rocky canyons, until they are free in the valleys, where they form bold and beautiful rivers. The speckled trout, now getting so rare in the brooks of New England, abound in these mountain streams and it is a singular fact that in most of these streams the proverbially "shy trout" treat the presence of a man wilh perfect in difference, which has led me to believe that in their primitive state they neither fear man nor beast. The Indians catch them in enormous quantities, and it may be that the fish is first frightened by them.

In the Rocky Mountains, south of the

head-waters of the Arkansas, comparatively speaking, there are but few small birds and squirrels. The raven, the crow, the hawk, the owl, and occasionally the eagle, are seen. Wild geese, ducks and cranes are common. Pigeons, including the wild dove, are seldom seen, and it is somewhat singular that the common blue pigeon, wintering in the Carolinas and Tennessee, and summering in the Northern States, has not yet found its way beyond the "Great River," The magpie is found in abundance. Turkeys, pheasants, grouse and quails are plen tiful. A man may travel for days and weeks amid the Rocky Mountains, and never hear the musical notes of a bird; and here the rattlesnake is seldom found, except in the valleys where it is warm. In warm weather, the deer, elk and antelopes of the plains live in the mountains; but, when the cold weather sets in, they are driven out by the deep snows, and must seek the fresher herbage of the valleys.

The pine trees of the Rocky Mountains bear a small nut, which is called by the Mexicuns pinon, which, when cooked, are quite pleasant to the taste. There are many salt takes in the mountains, and I have I from right to left, quickly, while walking,

often seen marshes where the ground was covered by the salt deposit. The mineral wealth of this section is very great; rich mines of gold, silver and iron ores are abundant throughout the whole range. Nearly every stream carries down in its floods that precious metal, gold; but in such small quantities as not to attract the attention of most of the miners.

In the old Spanish records of the expedi-

tions made to the Gila river during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, special reference is made to the Pimo, or, as the Spaniards call them, Pimos Itdians. Savadra, an excellent authority respecting the Indian races of Sonora, having spent much time among them, says the Pimos, Maricopas, Cochans and Mojaves are all "Indians of Montezuma," in proof of which he refers to one custom common to all—that of cropping their hair across their foreheads, leaving the back to fall its full length behind. This statement is corroborated by the Pimos of the present day, who proudly boast of their descent from the Montezumas. The most interesting fact in the history of these people is that as far back as the records ex-

tend, they lived as they do to this day cultivating the earth, showing a direct affinity with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Alarem, who visited the great valley of the Colorado, in 1540, mentions that it was cultivated tivated to considerable extent by tribes having a fixed residence and permanent abodes. Unlike the Apaches and the mountain tribes to the north, who live a wandering and predatory life, the Pimos have always manifested a friendly disposition toward the whites, and seem much devoted to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising.

In consideration of their industry and amicable conduct toward Americans, the Government of the United States, in 1859, caused a reservation to be set apart for them, embracing all the lands which they had in cultivation at the period of the acquisition of Arizona. It embraced one hundred square leagues of arable land, most of it susceptible of irrigation. The length of the reservation is about twenty-five miles, the breadth, four, and the river Gila runs through it from one end to the other. Three large acequias take their head near the upper boundary, one on the north, and the other on the south side of the river, two miles below Sacatone. These, with their various branches, comprise nearly five hundred miles of well-defined acequias, and extend over a tract of land eighteen miles in length. We have authentic history in proof of the fact that, for three hundred years the same land has been under cultivation, producing two crops a year, without man-producing two crops a year, without man-ure or renewal of any kind; yet it continues as productive as ever. It is probable that the deposits left by the water are of a fer-tilizing nature. The return in wheat is twenty-five fold. The season for wheat-planting is December and January. Tobac-co and cotton, which flourish with remark-able luxuriance, are planted when the mesable luxuriance, are planted when the mesquit leaves put forth—generally about the first of March. The summer rains commence about the 25th of June, by which time the wheat harvest is over, and corn is planted in the same ground; also pumpkins, melons, and other vegetable products requiring great heat and moisture. Considerby these people, and the indolence of the young men, who seldom do any thing but ride about and gamble, it is remarkable what crops they have produced on this

The number of Pimo villages are ten: Maricopas, two; separate inclosures, one thousand; population, six thousand. In 1869 they furnished the Government with six hundred thousand pounds of wheat, and pounds made into flour and sold to miners and traders. Their crops were smaller than usual, owing to the breakage of their main acequia in a critical period of the season and in January, 1864, they were nearly out of wheat, but still had a good supply of

reservation.

The Pimos have always proved them-selves good warriors, and have been uniformly successful in resisting the incursions of the Apaches. Their village offered almost the only protection to American citi-

zens in Arizon On the death of a member of the tribe, his property is fairly and equitably divided among his people. If he be a chief, and possessed of fields of corn and cattle, his death is a windfall to the community. The villagers are summoned to his burial. Over his grave they hold a grand festival. The women weep and the men howl, and they go into a profound mourning of tar. Soon the cattle are driven up and slaughtered, and everybody, heavily laden with sorrow, loads his squaw with beef, and feasts for many days. All the effects of the deceased become common property; his grain is distributed; his fields shared out to those who have need of land; his chickens and dogs divided among his tribe; and his widow is offered by public proclamation to any man who desires a wife. If she be an able-bodied woman capable of doing much work, she is generally consoled within a few days by another husband, though custom allows her to howl for the last until the conventional demands of grief are satisfied. Marrying a wife with a tar-covered face, having its inconveniences, the new husband is also permitted to wear tar, which doubtless has a tendency to cement the union. The bows and arrows, blankets, beads, paints, jew's harp, and other personal effects of the de-ceased are buried with him. The body is placed in a sitting posture, with the face to-ward the sun. Over the grave sticks and stones are placed, and thus he is left to his

last long sleep.

PI UTE OR DIGGER INDIANS. These Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable beings who inhabit the continent; their bag-like covering is of the scantiest description, their food revolting; the puppies and rats of the 'Heathen Chinese' being almost Epicurean, when compared with a Digger bill of fare. They eat lizards raw, or with no further preparation than jerking off the reptile's tail. To obtain this description of food more readily many this description of food more readily, many of them carry with their arms a sort of hooked stick, not unlike a long cane, which

The hair of these Indians is long reaching nearly to their middle, and almost as coarse as the mane of a mule. Their faces are perfectly devoid of any intellectual expression, and—save the eve which is exsion, and—save the eye, which is exceedingly keen—their features are nowise remarkable. The traveler can not but no tice a strong similarity to a wild beast, both in their manners and appearance. I have repeatedly observed them turning the head

in the manner of a prairie-wolf. In voracity | his seat, looked me square in the eyes, and they bear a greater resemblance to an anaconda than to a human being—five or six of these Indians will sit around a dead horse, and eat until nothing but the bones remain.
Unlike the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, they steal your animals, not to ride, but to slaughter for food, and a loss of this kind is standard for food, and a loss of this kind is rendered doubly provoking to the trapper, from the fact that they pick out the fattest stock. They sell their own children to the Californians, to obtain some addition to their

scanty supplies.

It can not be denied that there is some excuse for their failings in these respects; the miserable country which they inhabit is in-capable of supporting them, and the sur-rounding tribes, who occupy the more fer-tile portions of this region, look upon these outcasts with a suspicious eye, and are un elenting in driving them from their hunt-

ing-grounds.

The arms of this degraded tribe consist of a bow of uncommon length, the arrows headed with stone; these last they some-times poison. The liquid which renders their arrows so deadly is a combination of the rattlesnake poison with an extract which they distill from some plant known only to themselves. This plant appears to possess the qualities of the fabled Upasree, as the noisome vapors exhaled by distillation act so powerfully upon the producer as to destroy life. It therefore becomes a matter of some moment to decide upon the individual who is to prepare the yearly stock of poison for his tribe. It would naturally be supposed that so dan-gerous an office would be shunned by all; but on the contrary a yearly contest takes place among the oldest squaws as to which shall receive the distinguished honor of sa-crificing her life in the cause, and the conflict ends in the appointment of the successful competitor, who does the work and pays

The paradise of a "Digger" Indian is a dead mule or ox by the wayside, upon which they will feast until but the skeleton is left. The only anxiety of a "gentleman" of this tribe who is about to commit the fells of matrix ways is about to commit the folly of matrimony, is, whether or not the bride expectant has a good supply of

dried grasshoppers.

About this tribe there seems to hang a strange fatality. Very few female children are born, and a majority of those that come into the world die from starvation and want in infancy. But a few years more and the remorseless tide of immigration will have swept this poor specimen of humanity from

the face of the earth. Scattered over the great region west of the Rocky Mountains, and south of the Great Snake river, are numerous Indians whose subsistence is almost solely derived from oots and seeds, and such small animals as chance and great good fortune sometimes brings within their reach. They are miserably poor, armed only with bows and ar rows, or clubs; and as the country they in-habit is almost destitute of game, they have no means of obtaining better arms. In the northern part of the region just mentioned, they live generally in solitary families; and further to the south, they are gathered to-gether in villages. Those who live together in villages, strengthened by association, are in exclusive possession of the more genial and richer parts of the country; while the others are driven to the ruder mountains, and to the more inhospitable parts of the

Roots, seeds, and grass, every vegetable that affords any nourishment, and every living animal thing, insect or worm, they eat. Nearly approaching to the lower animal creation, their sole employment is to obtain food; and they are constantly occupied in strug-gling to support existence. But in all their orrid wretchedness of the Pi Ute or Digger Indians of New Mexico and the Plains.

Eph Mulat.

BY FREDERICK H. DEWEY.

"Well, gentlemen, if you want to hear it here goes," said our driver, as we left the hills and bowled off over a level plain. "I was driving the mail-coach then, be-tween Skeleton Rock and Indian Head. As I walked into the station-room at Skeleton, one night, I heard a party of ranchmen talking about Eph. Mulat's doings up at Ingun Head. Mulat was a regular robber, one who waylaid every thing, from a coach or emigrant-train down to a "Pike," traveling on foot. He had been pretty lively for a month or so, and then he had eased off, and for a week no one had seen or heard any thing of him. But one feller, that come from above Ingun Head, said when he was last seen he had a dozen men with him, which was a large force for Mulat Well hearing all this talk, and a lot more in the stable, I determined to give him a fight if he should try to take my mail, a thing never

done on my route. "As I mounted the box as the horses were changed, a man with his face muffled in a cotton handkerchief sat beside me. He said he had the toothache, when the ranchmen ordered him to pull it off, as there was no knowing who a man was those days.

It was nearly dark when we started off. the men letting my passenger have his own way about his face at last, and when we had crossed Sixmile Creek it was black as ink. (The night, I mean!) He had not opened his mouth once, and seeing he wasn't likely to, I spoke. 'It is pretty dark to-night.'

"No answer; unless the chew of tobacco he took was one. It was big enough, anyhow. I tried again.
"'Mulat's on the road again, raising thun-

Though this was a lie, I thought he might deny it, and so get up a conversation.
"He only laughed; but such a laugh! It seemed to thrill through me, the horses and coach, and sing sleepily off in the air. Again

I spoke.
"Did your parents teach you to talk, or did you forget how?" He was still as death.
"That riled me, so I thought if he didn't want to talk he needn't, so I just left him

"We had got about five miles further when he pulled off his handkerchief, raised his slouch hat, and looked around. We were passing Stout's old ranch, a lonely, deserted place, looking mighty dismal as we came out of the woods into the prairie, and into the light of the moon which had just

"We had passed the log-dwelling, and were opposite the old barn, when he quietly said: 'Whoa.' "I drew up, and he turned half around in Eph. Mulat and a grade in the real bearing by

"'' Joe Davis, do you know me?"
"I hadn't got over being riled, so I retorted

""How do you know my name?" And then thinking, perhaps, he might be Mulat himself, I felt for my revolver. Quicker than wink he had his under my very nose, and he chuckled again.

"' Joe Davis, do you know me?' and his eyes snapped.
"Seeing he wasn't to be fooled with, I

told him no.
"'Did you ever hear of Kit Heath?" I am the man,' and he lowered his revolver. "Heard of him. I guess I had. I hadn't heard of any thing else since I came on the route. Everybody was talking about Kit Heath and his pard Jack Westerfield. Gentlemen, they were the sharpest, 'cutest scouts that ever drank alkali water. "Heath heart looking me source in the

"Heath kept looking me square in the eye, and, after a bit, said, pointing over his shoulder: 'That man behind you is Jack Westerfield.

"What man behind me? I turned around. Gentlemen, I don't know how he got there, but there he was, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, quiet as a mouse, gazing straight at me. I didn't feel over-comfortable between these men, though better men never breathed. Heath spoke after a moment, quick and right to

the point.
"You know us. We will stay here until you come back to-morrow night. Eph, Mulat will ride down with you from Lonetree prairie. No matter why or wherefore he comes,' he added quick, as I was about

to speak.
"" He is coming, and that is enough for you. Make him sit on the box with you, but don't let on you know him. He won't hurt you. Keep him with you outside. Mind what I say. When you get here, walk your horses

"He began to get down, but stopped with one foot on the wheel. 'If you go back on us—well, you have heard of Heath and Westerfield.'

'He dropped to the ground, stood still, and told me to drive on. As I started I looked back. Westerfield had disappeared.

He was chain-lightning, that fellow, and still as a mouse about his business.

"I did not feel quite so easy that night. Why Mulat should ride on a stage was a mystery to me, as he always kept close hid. And, then, how the scouts knew all about his movements was a puzzler. It flashed on me that they might be in league with him, but the next moment I called myself a fool for the thought. I thought that they wanted me to keep him on the outside so they could pick him off with their rifles, and I didn't like the idea. They might hit me, though they were dead center with the

"Why didn't they go to Lonetree and catch him?

These thoughts kept flashing through my mind until I reached Lonetree. I look ed sharp then, for there had been several attacks on the mail here by this dead ash. But nothing happened, and in two hours I was asleep at Ingun Head.

'Next night, at sundown, when I mount ed the box, and took the lines from Bill Butler, I looked inside, but there was no one there. As no one got on at the station, l knew I would have an empty stage all through, as no one lived between my two

'That put me in a fix, for how was I to stave off Mulat, for I knew he would ride inside to keep out of sight, though there warn't much chance of meeting any one. Trying to frame an excuse, I drove away, and kept busy studying, until I got to South Fork, where I watered the animals.

"While they were drinking, a thought popped into my head, and I almost cheer-ed. I drove into five feet of water, and remained there long enough to thoroughly drench every thing inside.

"'Now, Mr. Mulat, you won't stay inside long,' chuckled I, as I trotted merrily along

"I now kept a sharp look-out for Lone-tree, and after awhile I could distinguish it,

rather larger at the base than usual. It was Mulat leaning against the trunk.

"He waved me to stop, at the same time saying, 'A passenger.' I dismounted.

"'All right, Cap! just step inside,' I said.

"I opened the door, and in he went. I jumped on the box and drove away. I had not gone a hundred yards when I heard him kicking and pounding for me to stop.
I pulled in the grays. He bolted out,
swearing horribly, and, mounting the box
with me, sent me to the infernal regions
about a dozen times in succession. I inquired, innocent enough, 'What's the mat-

'The only reply was a flood of oaths, and while he was talking I examined him as well as I could in the moonlight.

"He was a burly rufflan, with little snap-ping eyes and a sinister countenance. His belt was stuck full of knives and pistols, and he was a man that used them nearly every day. Before I had completed my examination, he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, folded his arms, and apparently went to sleep, though I knew he watched every motion of mine. "That ten miles to Stout's seemed like

fifty that night. I was afraid every moment that he might want to keep one of his knives in practice by taking a slice or so out of me, but he remained motionless, and, to all appearance, fast asleep.
"We at last gained the summit of a slight

rise, and I saw the ranch gleaming in the moonlight not a hundred yards away. No one was in sight, but the old ranch seemed ten times gloomier than usual, I kept a sharp look-out from under the rim of my hat, but nothing was to be seen but the old abandoned log-house gleaming and winking in the moonlight. I looked at Mulat. He had not stirred.

"I watched the buildings. We were opposite the barn, and it was time to walk I drew them in and cracked my whip.

Mulat stirred slightly, but was quiet again. We passed the barn and house, and I was beginning to think there was something wrong, when a voice at my very elbow growled: 'Eph, Mulat!'

"I turned, but the robber was quicker. He turned just in time to see the gleaming barrel of a revolver pointed right at his eye.
"Yes, gentlemen," continued the driver,
bringing his fist down on his knee, "there
was that wild-cat, Westerfield. He had softly mounted the stage, the deuce knows how (for there was no trunk-rack behind), and here he was down on his knees and one hand, sighting over his revolver at

"Eph. didn't stir. He knew better. But he spoke only once.

"'By —, Jack Westerfield, you've got the drop on me!"
"'You bet I have,' answered Jack, never stirring. Just then the horses stopped. I looked ahead. Heath had stopped them, and was now standing by the coach with his revolver spotted on Mulat. 'Take off Mulat's playthings!' he commanded. "'I took the knives and pistols from his

belt Hand 'em to me!' I passed them

Westerfield spoke to the highwayman. Get down! "He obeyed.

'Now march!' And he pointed to the

"Mulat obeyed, closely followed by Jack, who still kept his revolver on him. Heath remained by the coach. 'Drive on!'

"Although fearfully interested in the Arthough fearfully interested in the proceedings, I had to obey. When I looked back, at the edge of the forest, Heath was still standing in his tracks, watching me. The last thing I saw as I entered the forest was Heath, I saw as I entered the forest was Heath, still as a stump, in the road, and the robber, closely followed by the scout, tramping slowly up the long-forgotten path and into the dark door.

"I had driven about a mile when I heard a solitary pistol-shot, dull, and in the direction of the ranch. 'Ah! Eph. Mulat has record in his chief.'

passed in his chips.'

"Next day I came along up the hill (this one, gentlemen, and the ranch ain't far away) and was met at the top by Heath. He rode down to the ranch with me, when Westerfield came out.

"I asked about Mulat. Heath pointed

"I asked about Mulat. Heath pointed toward a body surrounded by buzzards, under a tree. He had gone, sure enough, and 'passed in his chips.'

"When I drove away, I had a brace of silver-mounted revolvers, worth fifty dollars, given me by the scouts. I can't tell any thing more about it, for the rest is a mystery.
"But Jack Westerfield was more than

man, in my opinion, for he climbed on that stage twice, without my knowing it, when the least jar made the old boat rock like a

eradle.
"I don't like to tell yarns with mysteries that are not explained, but that is a fair sample of how business was done in the West, ten years ago. Get up, Tom!"

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lid not draw him from Arisdne Filiton

EPITAPHS.

TRANSCRIBED BY JOE JOT, JR.

A LAWYER'S. Stranger, if he who lies beneath, When all your hopes looked dim, Did plead before a court for you, Stop here and plead for him.

A DOCTOR'S. This slab is but the doctor's slate,
To tell to generations,
That he's professionally called
Away to see his patients.

A BARBER'S. He kept a keen edge on his blade, And closest shaves he gave; If ever he gets through The Gate, 'Twill be by a close shave.

A SHOEMAKER'S. He waxed unto a good old age,
When he cordwaned right fast;
He found his thread of life used up,
And calmly breathed his last.

AN ARTIST'S. He took a splendid photograph,
His pictures would not dim;
He took an awful whooping cough,
And death came and took him. AN EDITOR'S.

He left no copy of himself
When he was called and went;
Alas, that this epitome
Should now be out of print!

A SOAP-MAKER'S.

Here lies beneath this crumbling stone
A victim of death's flashes;
Let soap that he's at rest, and say
Peace be unto his ashes! A FARMER'S.

With faithfulness he hoed his row.
And then he leaped the fence.
And passed into another field
When corn was 90 cents.

A HUNTER'S. He kept the trail of all things good, His aim was always true, His gun went prematurely off, And he went with it too.

Lucia.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"IF I fail, then I fail, that is all!"

"And, mark my words, you will fail."
"Ha! when did Howard Davenport turn prophet? Does 'the sunset of life give him mystical lore?" No, Lucia Darke; but, 'coming events

"No, Lucia Darke; but, 'coming events cast their shadows before.'"

The wondrously beautiful woman smiled, and turned again to the Venetian mirror before which she was standing, while the snowy-bearded man walked to the unique gas-jets and relit his cigar. And then, stepping beyond the mirror's reflection, he folded his arms in a theatric manner, and

folded his arms in a theatric manner, and fastened his eyes upon his companion, who fastened his eyes upon his companion, who was arranging her golden hair after the latest fashionable model.

"She is beautiful; she is subtle—a Cleopatra, and a Medicis; but she will not succeed in the plots nearest her heart. She shall not succeed; there!"

Quicker than thought the Houri at the mirror turned upon the old man, and her dark eyes emitted sparks of fire as they

flashed upon his somewhat startled face.

"So you are going to sting the bosom that has warmed you!" she cried, and dropping the pearl-mounted comb to the rich Brussels, she stepped toward him, with clenched Lucia, I was not aware-"

"No, you were not aware that you spoke your thoughts aloud," she interrupted him. "But your heart would not keep them back. It fore them from your mind and hurled them to your lips. Howard Davenport, if you wish, this moment you are a free man. We can get another Lear. I thought you were a man; but I have found that you are

The people shall not be disappointed,' said the old man, quickly, but not without emotion. "I shall play my engagement out, and then, if you wish it, Lucia, I will leave the troupe. But, girl, Lucia, reflect upon what you would do. In my time I have seen the follows of many charished have seen the failure of many cherished

plans. "But I have witnessed the success of as large a number, and you are old enough to be my grandsire," she said. "I am sorry now that I opened my head concerning the matter; but you have aided me in every thing till this hour."

The old man did not speak.
"Howard Davenport, what is Gerald Webb or Ariadne Fulton to you? Tell

Her tone was imperative. "I never saw them till yesternight," he answered. "Lucia Darke, they were created for each other; how can you have the heart

to unparadise them? You have been with me long enough to know that I have the heart to do any thing," she said. "I say that I shall become Mrs. Gerald Webb, even though I force him to the altar over Ariadne Fulton's crushed and bleeding heart. I have sworn to do all this! I, Lucia Darke! do you hear me. Lear? and if you cross my path, I will bring your old hairs in sorrow to a tearless So, Howard Davenport, beware!" She fairly hissed the last words into his

face, and so close had she approached to him, that her coral lips touched his thick, white beard. He did not reply, but a pallor of fear shot across his face, and, angrily flinging his half-smoked Henry Clay through the open window, he strode from the apartment, without even bidding the desperate woman

"He dare not work against me!" she cried. "He knows what I can do with him. But why is he concerned about them? De spite his words they are something to him. But I am not to be baffled. He was created for me-not for that doll-faced thing he loves; and when I have tired of him, I will

cast him off!" Lucia Darke ceased; but her face wore the hue of ashes when she returned to the mirror. She had resolved upon something desperate, and she was a far more desperate woman than the Crescent City people deemed her. For many nights her majestic personation of Cordelia, in King Lear, had filled the greatest theater in New Orleans to overflowing, and her fame and beauty had

become the theme of every tongue. One night she caught sight of a handsome face in one of the private boxes, and she declared, in the glow of her passionate Italian nature, that she had encountered her affinity. But Gerald Webb, the stranger, cared not for the beautiful star, in the smiles of the lovely being at his side. He praised her acting, called her beautiful; but she did not draw him from Ariadne Fulton.

But the subtle, the dangerous " Cordelia" was weaving her snares, and fast laying them for the noble game she would bag.

She was resolved to succeed, and what lies would not do, the pearl-hilted stiletto in her boudoir should.

"He shell he mine" she hissed

"He shall be mine!" she hissed, when she saw him in the private box, the night following her quarrel with Howard Davenport, her Lear. "If I can't step into the place now filled by that doll-eyed charmer at his side, I will seek the water that kisses this city!"

And from a place behind the scenes old Howard Davenport looked at the lovers, and murmured:

"Yes, yes, he is Eva's son. Lucia Darke, you shall not succeed!"

It was truly diamond cut diamond.

The "Lucia Darke Troupe" fell to pieces in the Crescent City. Some of the members sought engagements in other cities; but Lucia and Howard Davenport remained in New Orleans. The adventuress removed to the most fashionable quarter of the city, while the man whom she had dubbed viper the man who had raised her from poverty to fame and affluence—took up his abode at the St. Charles. He sought the company of Gerald Webb, and, whenever his beheld the young man, his form trembled with strange emotion, and more than once a tear lost itself in his white beard.

Surely the rising merchant was something to him, yet he had declared to Lucia Darke,

that, when he reached the city with her troupe, he looked upon Gerald Webb for the first time.

Lucia, by her subtlety, forced herself into the marked man's presence, and tried to lure him from his love. He came to her side but a moment later, as it seemed he side, but a moment later, as it seemed, he turned to Ariadne again, and thus heaped up new hatred in Lucia's heart against his tropic flower.

I will not turn to him again until I shall have removed that woman from my path!" at last the people said that he would soon hissed beautiful Lucia Darke, one day, as lead her to the altar. Ah, it seemed as

Ariadne Fulton was a maniac! When her father returned to his rich home he found his only child's mind completely gone, and she sat on the sofa, talking about angels, flowers, birds—every thing. She failed to recognize her parent, and she called her dearest friends plants that bore noxious flowers.

It was a terrible blow to the doting father, and Gerald Webb reeled from the sad scene with a deep groan and a stare, that boded ill for the peace of his mind.

"How did this come about?" cried Lucia Darke, when she found herself alone. "She raid the liquid would kill for it had killed.

said the liquid would kill, for it had killed in Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. But she is as good as dead! Tartini's poisons know no antidote; they— Hark! The bell!"

Trembling like a storm-shaken reed, the guilty woman answered the summons, and, to her surprise, admitted Howard Davenport, whom she had not seen for many

"I've come to say good-by," he said, in

"Where are you going?"
"To Italy."
Lucia's cheeks slightly paled at this, and she stretched forth her hand.

"Shall you return?"
"I don't know. There's a crazy woman in the city, they say."
Lucia feigned surprise; but Howard Davenport read her heart, pressed her hand,

and withdrew.

"Yes, Lucia Darke, I'm coming back again," the old man murmured, when he found himself on the street. "I'm going to Italy for something—yes, for something that cures crazy people."

The next day he sailed from New Orleans.

During the months that followed the crime just witnessed, Gerald Webb formed good opinions of Lucia Darke. She seemed a ministering angel in his hour of grief, and The Dellorme Estate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"VERY well, Miss Octavia. Pray understand distinctly that I wash my hands of the whole affair."

the whole affair."

Miss Ruby Dellorme, spinster, folded up her knitting work (she was forever knitting, and this time it was unbleached yarn socks for a newly-widowed old beau of hers), and looked very reprovingly at bright little Octavia Dellorme, who sat, very unconcernedly by another window, basting linen for her sewing-machine.

As Octavia just snatched a glance at her elder sister's lugubriously solemn face, she involuntarily laughed.

involuntarily laughed.

"It is really so funny, Ruby! As if for all the good that might come of it I would lend myself to such a scheme." Miss Ruby pursed up her lips.
"I must confess I can see not the slight-

"I must corress I can see not the signtest reason for calling my proposal a "scheme," or of your duty in the affair—"lending yourself to it."

"But, Ruby,"—and now, when Octavia saw how positively in earnest her sister was, she instantly grew as earnest herself, and went on with her side of the argument in a sweet proud way.

sweet, proud way.

"But, Ruby, have you stopped to think how it would place me if—if—oh! Ruby, it is all so hateful to me. Just suppose Mr. Frank Vivian—I'll never call him cousin, after the way he has defrauded us—just suppose he finds out I've been to Vivian Howe to says out how he lives."

House to spy out how he lives—"
"Octavia! you shall not put such a construction upon my meaning. Why can you not say I wish you to go to Vivian House during your cousin Frank's absence on an European tour, and learn from observation whether the money he defrauded us of makes him happy or miserable? I hope he is miserable," added Miss Dellorme, senior. Octavia laughed.

"I am sure I hope so, too; but I don't



and decided in the curving of the lips.

A man who impressed you at once with his truthfulness, his refinement, his knowledge; and the man who (here comes the key-stone) had fallen in love with Octavia Dellorme.

And Octavia?

She arose from her graceful position as he crossed the threshold, and smiled him a welcome, as he came across the room to her.

"Remain just where you are, Miss Dellorme. If you knew how well you looked, you would."

to dislike him because he has kept you from ownership in this?". Octavia blushed a little under this grave

"I fear I have enough natural depravity to really wish he had been dead—"
"And enough candor to confess it," interrupted he, with his admiring eyes on her

beautiful face.
"Oh, that's no virtue. Besides, I never have seen him, and, honestly, Mr. Thorne, I don't want to. I only came because my tyrannical sister made me, to find if he were misusing grandpa Vivian's money. And when I go home to-morrow, I shall tell

Ruby I am sure cousin Frank is an orderly, methodical, refined-Mr. Thorne interrupted her by a merry

laugh.
"Really, he will feel honored when I tell

Octavia's eyes were full of a beseeching light, and she laid her hand on Lester's arm; and he, with a sudden tender gravity of manner that sent strange thrills over her,

"Miss Dellorme, you have asked me a favor: I am selfish enough to refuse to grant it, until I have a favor awarded that I shall ask. Octavia!—there, you know it—you must know how I have been worshiping you ever since you came! Octavia!—my

And when Octavia went out from Vivian House, she wore a golden ring that Lester Thorne had placed on her finger, as a seal

"I am glad he has grace enough to write to us at last," said Miss Ruby Dellorne, as she folded up and placed in its envelope a

letter from Frank Vivian.
"What does he say? He's not going to divide his money with us, is he?"

Octavia laughed as she asked the question so indifferently.

"Oh, you can afford to laugh and be in-different, now that you have Mr. Thorne's consoling letters; but to my queer way of thinking, if you'd married Mr. Vivian,

on, evidently not anxious to hear what was in the letter. "He says he may possibly come and re-

next summer at Vivian House.

Octavia's eyes brightened.
Oh, that'll be splendid! Don't I hope
Lester 'll be there! I mean to ask cousin Frank when he comes; I'm sure he'll invite him.

swered, and the sisters sprung up in amazement. "Oh, Lester!"

"Why, Frank Vivian!"
So the two greeted him, while he stood laughing at their surprise.

Then he gave his hand to Ruby. "Cousin, can you forgive me for the deception I practiced on your sister? She will, I know-won't you, my darling?

ing so, until I heard Ruth, my porter's wife, and this saucy Octavia here, laying their plans to entrap cousin Frank when he came home. So Mrs. Ruth and I entered into a counter conspiracy, which was easy enough, as the entire corps of servants were new and strangers to me. Besides," he added, glanc-ing roguishly at Octavia, whose sweet, delighted face would have enchanted any man, "I really thought it a good way to divide grandpa Dellorme's property. Don't

you both agree?"
The happy family circle at Vivian House answers his question in the most emphatic

The man who is prudent and cauto which others are continually exposed.

LUCIA.

She entered without knocking, for she knew that her beautiful enemy was alone, for her father sat in his counting-house, and the servants were celebrating holiday in

different parts of the city. Her fair face was heavily vailed, and she was clad in habiliments in which she had

never appeared in society.

She entered the building with a boldness ever characteristic of the wicked woman, nd ascended to Ariadne's boudoir, as noise lessly as the serpent glides through the damp grasses. The door was slightly ajar, nd, entering on tiptoe, Lucia Darke beheld Ariadne Fulton reclining upon a rich sofa,

apparently asleep.

A smile of satisfaction stole over the intriguante's features, as, throwing aside her vail, she advanced to her victim and found her fast asleep. The doffed riding-hat told her that Ariadne had lately returned from a canter through the city, and that, fatigued by the exertion, she had courted the drowsy

"Now!" and the word was clothed in bitter triumph. "Now, Ariadne Fulton, I hurl you from my path. I said that I should become Mrs. Gerald Webb, though it be over the dissipation of your sunshine. ha! this is a new way of winning a hus-

band; but it shall prove an effective one. With the last word, she turned to the dressing-stand, and drew a tiny vial from her bosom-a vial which she had brought all the way from Venice, the Island City—a vial which she thought contained that

which would still the heart and destroy life For a moment she shook the grayish contents of the receptacle, and then, withdrawing the glass stopper, returned to the

Ariadne Fulton still slumbered, unconscious of the vengeful eyes that flashed their fire upon her face; unheedful of the poison so near her lips. The desperate in-triguante had nerved her arm for the deed intrusted to it; and as she quieted, with her right hand, Ariadne's pet spaniel, which had left his rug for his mistress' embrace, her left raised the vial and held it over

the coral lips! "One-two-three-four-five-there!" The vial was withdrawn, and Ariadne showed no signs of consciousness.

"He is mine now!" exclaimed Lucia, as she paused at the door, and threw a fare-well look at her victim. "Thus they rid the world of rivals in sunny Italy, and thus I force my way to the altar at the side of the man I adore. Ah! Ariadne Fulton, 'tis a pity that thou wert ever born.'

Then she closed the door, and glided from the mansion, unperceived.

That night one of Lucia's associates communicated dreadful tidings to the scheming

THE WHOLE IS

He was dazzled by her eyes; fasci-

nated by her arts. One night in June—the night before his wedding morn—he sat in his room, ransacking a small box which contained old letters,

trinkets of jewelry, portraits on ivory, etc.
"Mother, mother!" he cried, as he drew forth a tiny portrait, set in mother of pearl, "oh, that thou wert living now to witness the happiness of thy child. Thou hast been sleeping among the flowers many years but thy last words still remain unfulfilled Thou saidst that father would come some Father, father, where art thou?"

Here !" Gerald Webb started up with a cry, and beheld Howard Davenport standing before

"What! you my father!" "I am. Bare your arm, boy." "The cross is there! mother tattooed it in my flesh as I lay in the cradle."

"Then you are truly my boy," cried the d man, starting forward. "I was far old man, away when thou wert born, Gerald. Lies stranged thy mother and I, but she wrote me that a bright-eyed boy had come to cheer her life. She died when I was on the sea and thou wert thrown upon the world Peace to her ashes! I have just returned from Italy—and, thank God! I am in

'To see me wedded, father." " No, to save you !" "What! am I ruined?"

"Almost." Then Foster Webb-Howard Davenport no longer-told his new-found son about the woman whom he would wed on the morrow, and Gerald seized her letters-

missives which had blinded his eyesfloor, and trampled them under his feet. The morrow came, but there was no wedding. Foster Webb bent over poor Ariadne Fulton. He had brought from Italy the antidote to the crazing poison. She recovered slowly, and with returning health, her beauty, too, came back. Oh, how Gerald Webb watched her recovery! and while he sat beside her couch, a ship bore the adven-

turess across the ocean. She had eluded the officers of justice, and, steeped in crime, she ended her days in Italy.

Ariadne fully recovered her reason, and to-day is the fond wife of Gerald Webb, one of the merchant princes of the Cres cent City. "Howard Davenport" kept his word; he baffled Lucia, the adventuress, and saved his son a life of misery.

HE is most secure from danger who, even when conscious of safety, is on his tious is generally secure from many dangers

she paused on the stoop of a fashionable residence in New Orleans.

It was the home of Ariadne Fulton.

It was the home of Ariadne Fulton. for Octavia's want of acuteness.

Child, there is his house—his palace. I might say. There are his servants: there are—every thing to indicate the exact truth of Frank Vivian's condition; and I tell you, Octavia, I will know." "Then I see no way but to go yourself," said Octavia, defiant of the angry light that shone in staid Miss Ruby's eyes. She

deigned no answer for a moment; then, in her usual quiet way, resumed:
"Then, Octavia, if you do not wish to go see where our grandfather's money is going, and what it is doing—our mone that should have been, Octavia—as I said before, I wash my hands of the whole thing. Hereafter, I never will make the least attempt to—"

Octavia interrupted by a sweet, gay laugh.
"Oh, astute sister! why don't you openly
confess the secret of your heart, and let us both hear how it sounds for you to say how delighted you would be if this handsome, naughty bachelor cousin would only fall in love with Octavia !" And she flew out of the room, leaving

Miss Ruby to smile slyly. A delightfully rural country depot, with immense chestnut trees spreading a well come shade that warm afternoon; the train, mile away already, and Octavia Dellorme the only passenger for Vivianville it had set

This is interesting, at any rate; well, thank goodness, I'm a good walker."
She laughed lightly as she set out up densely shaded roadside, sachel in hand, and her silvery-gray tissue vail thrown back upon her face, that was very sweet and pretty in its fair, flushed beauty. 'To think I have actually been driven into coming by that remarkable sister of mine. Will wonders ever cease? or—what

reach the Vivian homestead at this deliciously lazy rate of speed?"
So she hastened along; a small, Hebe-like figure, daintily dressed in a traveling cos-tume of white pique, that was an admirable foil for the dark-brown hair arranged so stylishly under the brown straw hat, and the clear, dark eyes, so full of latent mis-

chief. A half hour's brisk walking brought

her to the imposing gates that opened into the domains of the Vivian estates—the farspreading lands that had come so very near to being her own and Ruby's.
"If it ain't Miss Octavy, this blessed Where ever on earth have you been? What ever fetched you up here! Come in; come right in.

Octavia laughingly shook hands with the delighted old woman, who, years ago, had been housekeeper in the Dellorme home-

"Come in, will I? Indeed I will, Ruth, for Pve come to stay a fortnight. Now, let me tell you a little secret plan of my own that not even sister Ruby knows of. And mind, Ruth, I depend on you to help me." The drawing-room at Vivian House was a truly regal saloon, and as Octavia lay cosily

back in one corner of the orange-satin fau teuil, she thought to herself how good a thing it would have been if Frank Vivian had staid dead—where everybody had sup-posed him for the last ten years. Then, all this elegance would have been her own and this elegance would have been her own and Ruby's, while now the only satisfaction left her was to scold and berate her cousin Frank to the quite agreeable young surveyor who had been at Vivian House a week or so, engaged with a landscape gardener, in beautifying the park.

This bright, hot morning, Octavia looked very beautiful and cool as a lily in her white Swiss dress, made so simply, and its sheer gauziness relieved only by a lightgreen silken tie at her fair throat. She knew she looked well; she knew she had arranged her hair, and attired herself especially for this grave, quiet-going surveyor's

cially for this grave, quiet-going surveyor's benefit, for two reasons. One, he was the only eligible admirer at hand, and Octavia was a thorough woman, and liked to be admired; the other reason—and she felt a little quiver of her nerves as she vaguely acknowledged the truth—this other reason was, that had there been dozens of admirers at hand, Octavia would have preferred Lester Thorne's approbation to them all.

Now, she heard his step coming, blithe and quick on the marble floor of the hall,

his magnificently shaped head. His eyes were light—a keen, intelligent hazel; his mouth was expressive, being both gentle

you would."

"If my good looks depend upon these elegant surroundings, there is no need of my caring how they become me, seeing that I leave them so soon. Oh, Mr. Thorne, do you know, sometimes I fairly hate my cousin Frank?"

He could not halp smiling at her meets.

He could not help smiling at her pretty vehemence.
"Is that fair, Miss Dellorme? Ought you

rejoinder.
"Well—I don't know," she said slowly.

"Tell him! oh, please, Mr. Thorne, don't tell him! I wouldn't have him know, for all the world, I had been here."

looked her steadily in the eyes.

of their betrothal.

"But I won't, you see, sister mine. What else does he say?" Octavia sewed quetly

new his acquaintance with me, and see what you look like. He invites us to spend

"And so am I." It was the voice of a third party that an-

is more to the point at present, shall I ever

"I had not the slightest intention of do-

positive.